THE CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, GENERAL AGENTS

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin.

Volume 171, No. 50 — Philadelphia, June 10, 1899 — 5 Cents the Copy; $2.50 the Year

Bigelow Fred S

Copyright, 1899, by The Curtis Publishing Company

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 424 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

The Circle of a Century

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

A Story of Old New York and New

Copyright, 1899, by Mrs. Burton Harrison

Chapter I

PART 1

In Old New York

AFTER 1787, when the new order of things national began to assert itself in New York, the little city, worn by armies of occupation and ravaged by the many fires during the Revolution, took on a new lease of life.

The hearts of her faithful dwellers beat high with the sense of returning prosperity. Their old houses were made to blush in coats of ruddy paint, their gardens were restocked with shrubs and flowers, their rooms refitted with foreign furniture and ornaments. Everywhere substantial homes and tenements sprang up like Aladdin's palace. The brick sidewalks, that until recently had extended northward no higher than St. Paul's Chapel in Broadway, were repaired and pushed farther, although they could not, alas! recall the vanished glory of leafage that had arched over them before so many of the shade trees of these streets were cut down for fuel by beleaguered residents whilst the war lasted.

The thoroughfares were cleaned and better lighted; trade flourished; markets and warehouses, late lean as Shylock's purse, knew again the sensation of fullness to satiety. Every ship from the old countries that braved the boisterous Atlantic in search of Manhattan's shores arrived laden with dainties and novelties for her shops.

New York may have been more picturesque, more stately, more literally aristocratic in her days of Dutch or English domination, but never so interesting as when the new wine of Americanism was thrilling in her veins. She at once took the lead, ever since maintained, as the most cosmopolitan city of the Republic.

But, although willing in some degree to accept the doctrines of republican simplicity, since called Jeffersonian, New Yorkers had no idea of parting with all the habits and customs acquired from their sponsors in an older civilization. Among the upper classes personal luxury was the rule. Ladies and gentlemen walked in silk attire, wore powdered periwigs, jeweled buttons and ruffles of cobweb lace, drank rare wines, and kept a host of negro or mulatto servants. When some gentry took the air, it was in chariots with lacquered panels, painted cream and gold, each drawn by four shining horses, and presided over by coachmen such as nowadays are seen only at some great function of a European Court or upon the stage in a fairy pantomime. One trembles at what the "society columns" would have to say in derision of the leading New Yorker who might venture in these times to go abroad in his great-grandfather's customary state!

Ah, well! There is hardly a panel or a hammercloth left of those brilliant old-time vehicles, and the jeweled buttons of their great-grandfathers' coats serve Maud and Mabel of to-day to deck their gowns at fancy balls. Our leading citizens let themselves be jammed into inspection in overcrowded cars of the elevated railway, or hang upon the straps of agitating trolleys. But it is pleasant to remember

"WHAT DID THEY CALL HER? MISS EVE WATSON—WAS IT NOT?"

that these outward and visible signs of the age of Beau Brocade once flaunted in the dull lower streets of our island city; and to write of them brings back a whole pageant of high-stepping thoughts and courtly fancies.

The high-water mark of this renaissance of Gotham's fashionable display was reached when General Washington came from Mount Vernon to accept the supreme trust of the infant nation in the balcony of Federal Hall. That month of May, 1789, after the President had taken up his residence in the Franklin House in Cherry Street, was a dizzy round of routs, balls, dinners, tea-drinkings and card-parties. No wonder New England held her breath in amazement at what she called the "vortex of folly and dissipation" in the giddy metropolis of New York.

•

The echoes of the inauguration ball in the Assembly Rooms, where the Borcel Building stands in modern Broadway, had not yet died away, but were augmented by those of the fête given the week following by the diplomatic representative of France, who, in common parlance, was called the French "Ambassador," M. de Moustier.

When two women put their heads together to talk about "the General" leading out that lucky Mrs. Maxwell for the minuet, and one asked the other if she had secured one of those lovely fans distributed at the Assembly Rooms, somebody was sure to interrupt with the enchanting decorations of De Moustier's house, and the buffet supper there.

Enough could not be said of the clever surprise and inventions planned for her brother's guests by the Ambassador's artistic sister, Madame la Marquise de Bréhan. Where did such an odd, whimsical old lady get her wonderful sense of color?

These matters were under discussion one afternoon in the drawing-room of a large house situated near the lower end of "the Broadway," past which, customarily, streamed and flaunted the fashionable world of promenaders. Built of glazed brick, its roof surmounted by a platform with balustrades meant for taking the air of a summer evening, and the front door by a plaque with armorial bearings, this dwelling was the most important one in the vicinity, and in the highest condition of good repair. Its windows opened at the rear upon a garden terraced to the river, from which now floated in a refreshing odor of salt water tinctured with a scent of wall flowers and hyacinths in bloom. By peeping through the shutters of the drawing-room, bowed on the street side, one had a capital view of the thoroughfare.

•

During the recent months of her widowhood—of course, not at first—Mistress Lucilla Warriner had established outside one of these windows, at which she was wont to sit with her tambour-frame, a small circular mirror. In this she could see, without being likely to be seen, people ascending her broad steps to pull the jangling bell behind which black Pompey sat and napped, in waiting to admit or refuse visitors.

To-day Pompey had received no instructions, exclusive or prohibitory. Mrs. Warriner's drawing-room was full of people. The cream of governmental, professional and higher mercantile circles mingled there with the gentry of independent means content simply to adorn society. Around the fair hostess gathered, as usual, an admiring coterie. It was a subject of congratulation to them all that her "second mourning" was now, at last, merged into visible lavender, and that she had appeared at two balls in a week.

•

"And how many more are to come? It's positively killing," declared Mistress Lucilla.

The widow did not look as if she had any idea of paying Nature's last debt. Her chestnut hair, worn in a high *tour*, and surmounted by a coquettish wisp of Mechlin lace—to match that on her pinner, sleeve-ruffles and muslin apron—was shot with sunny gleams. Her lips and cheeks were living roses. Her eyes of warm hazel could as easily dance with mischief as cloud with sympathy. And her complexion of fine translucent texture! Only Mrs. Jay's and Queen Marie Antoinette's of France could equal it in brilliancy of tint!

At that moment some story-teller on the other side of the room began retailing a delicious bit of gossip

Nine years before, when a girl of seventeen, coming of a good family in Albany, Miss Lucilla Chester had been wedded by her ambitious parents to Octavius Warriner, Esquire, lord of a great manor on the Hudson, owner of one of the finest houses in New York, and descendant of a line of feudal rulers in the Colony. The young lady had been seen by him first when a schoolgirl at a ball for the Continental officers at Morristown, in New Jersey, and the close of the war had witnessed the accomplishment of their nuptials.

Just what those years of dazzling fortune had really meant to Lucilla none knew save her confidential servants, and perhaps her husband's cousin, Captain Arnold Warriner, late of the Continental Army. Lucilla's father had died; and the journey from Albany to the manor house was said to be too formidable to be often taken by Mrs. Warriner's mamma, who, however, knew the real reason why she so rarely visited her son-in-law.

The outer world, impressed by the pomp of Octavius' appearances in public and his benefactions to State and charity, could not be supposed to guess that his wife and her vast household of servants had actually lived like mice on cheese parings; or that her elderly husband had held in check every impulse of Lucilla's girlish spirit, weighed and measured every item of her personal expenditure, treated her with cold formality, and, in sum, withheld from her young life all save the bare necessaries of existence. Nothing but the immortal elasticity of youth had kept her from asphyxiating of *ennui*.

And when he died he had left her everything. His will, extolling her virtues with the turgid grace of a tombstone, placed in her inexperienced hands almost absolute control of one of the largest fortunes in the State. She was now, at six-and-twenty, like a nun emerged from a cloister, to rule over a principality!

Octavius Warriner's demise had occurred at the manor house nearly two years before our story begins. Arnold—who had been always kept at a formal distance from this household—together with a few remoter relatives, saw to it that the chief of their family was consigned to his last rest in a style befitting his high place in the community. Madam Chester came from Albany to take up permanent abode in a mansion of which she had been long itching to advise the management. The funeral was imposing. A pipe of spiced wine, with rivers of beer and cider, were dispensed to its attendants, while the gloves, hatbands, scarfs, mourning-rings and monkey-spoons conferred on the pall-bearers and the executors of the will were the costliest money could buy. The lord of the manor was followed to his ancestral tomb in the Hudson wilderness by a long train of kinsmen, tenants, servants and dependents, leaving his wife clinging to her mother in the great empty house at home, but not crying. Lucilla was too dazed for that!

•

As months passed, and her nature had rebounded, Lucilla had been shocked by experiencing a glad, mad sense of joy. In the first year of widowhood she had elected to spend most of her time at their country-seat, of which the surrounding groves and brawling streams and mighty placid river were alleged by her mother to exercise a soothing influence on her sort of grief.

Often and again would she escape from the sitting-room, done in prim sunflower yellow damask and scented with strange foreign odors, wherein Madam Chester sat before a fire of hickory logs, knitting in hand, a smile of satisfied ambition wreathing her handsome lips at thought that no male creature with obstinate ideas stood now between Lucilla's and her own enjoyment of luxurious life! Lucilla had listened, until endurance ceased to be a virtue, to old saws, placid self-gratulations that Madam Chester had been enabled by Providence to furnish poor Mr. Warriner with such a devoted helpmeet, and agreeable forecasts of a wider material outlook when their days of mourning should be past. She often longed for indulgence in her own thoughts, for a fresher air, for a tramp in the wintry woods, guarded only by her hound. Sometimes, when snow lay glistening on the Highlands opposite, she would go down the steep hillside to the ice-bound river, and, attended at a distance by two negro footmen, skate for miles, coming back reluctantly to where the blue curls of smoke rose from her chimneys on the bluff above.

Far as her eye could reach on either side it was all her own domain. He had left it to her without restriction for her lifetime, though at her death it was to go to Arnold Warriner. The whole great estate with its gardens, lawns, fruit orchards and deer parks, the mansion with its appendage of forty black slaves to do her bidding, and the town house, not to speak of the long rent rolls and fat hoardings of her late penurious spouse! Lucilla was a princess in fortune and surroundings.

•

But are not all princesses at times a little dull? The young widow whom Fate had so richly dowered was the kind of woman whose ambitions are bounded by the hearthrug, provided Love sits on the other side. She had never known a hearthrug with this embellishment. But in her heart she longed for happy young companionship, for sympathy, fun, contact with other people's lives, and—low be it whispered—two things in special—a real lover, and a pale blue satin paduasoy! Blue was her color—no doubt about that; but she had never owned a satin, rich, thick, lustrous, that would make an imposing "cheese" when she curtsied in company. And the petticoat to go with it should be of blue and silver stuff, the stockings silk with silver clocks, the feathers blue marabout with silver fringe! With a guilty start, Lucilla often found herself wondering when the law of etiquette would allow her to realize this dream.

Since our grown-up child was not in China, where custom prescribes the celestial colors to those bereaved, the last-named longing had not yet been satisfied. Even at the De Moustier ball the night before she had worn puce, with black bows, because mamma said poor Mr. Warriner would be pleased with it if he were looking down. To-day, in the privacy of her own home, she had gone so far as to add a few knots of pale violet-tinted ribbon to her cap and handkerchief and to the pockets of her apron. Clearly, the blue satin was in sight!

But the lover! Where was he?

•

"I protest," went on Mistress Lucilla, to her bevy of listeners; "the court quadrilles last night were the prettiest ever seen. I could not make up my mind whether to avow myself for the red rose of France or the bluebell of Columbia, and so would not dance in them at all."

"But you danced three times afterward with a gentleman in red regimentals, my dear angel!" exclaimed her friend, Miss Betsy Crewe. "Now I would not for the world have appeared on the French side in the quadrilles, even though the Master of Ceremonies and the Marchioness herself teased me to wear the rosy scarf. Well content was I to take my steps in Columbia's ranks, with such a partner as I had in the blue and buff! But I might have spared my pains, for my Captain did nothing but look over toward the benches where a certain puce gown with black bows was sitting, trying to look *so* demure, *so* old-ladyfied, with all the dowagers! My liveliest sallies produced from him nothing but glum answers and melancholy smiles; and when the sets were over, amid all the applause we received, he asked me only if I thought his Cousin Warriner had gone out to her chair. Really, Lu, you treat him shockingly. I never saw a youth so far gone in the tender passion. And so handsome he is, too—quite the beauty among our beaus!"

"My vote would be for his friend and rival in good looks, Captain Lawrence Hope," cried Miss Polly Clinton.

At this point their hostess, who had been serving chocolate in her pretty flowered cups, was so unfortunate as to drop the cover of the china pot, containing that fragrant beverage, upon the rim of the sugar dish, breaking it to bits. And, hearing the crash, Madam Chester, who was pouring out tea at another table, hurried across the room and chided her daughter smartly.

"That Dresden set, child, that poor, dear Mr. Warriner had brought out on the Lovely Kate, and thought so much of that he kept it under lock and key! I'm surprised at your heedlessness! One would think you'd forgotten your husband's feelings."

"Here come the two Captains now," interposed Miss Crewe, properly ignoring the lesson in domestic ethics she overheard, "Adonises in philopena, I call them!"

The heavy door of carved mahogany swinging inward revealed Pompey in his coat of half-mourning livery strutting ahead of two young gentlemen. "Vastly pretty fellows" they were sometimes styled in the phrase of that day; but we may see at a glance the inappropriateness of the term as applied to this vigorous and manly couple, who, having both entered the service of the Continental Army as lads, had gone through the war with credit and were now returned to New York.

•

Arnold Warriner, the more regularly handsome of the two, was first to greet the lady behind the chocolate pot, a ceremony performed with the easy and confident grace of one who feels his feet to be upon firm ground.

During the last three months he had fulfilled the prophecy of the gossips at the outset of Lucilla's widowhood, and had come forward gallantly and devotedly as the avowed suitor of his late kinsman's fair relict.

"'Twould be a thousand pities," quoth the voice of Society, "for these two young people, so obviously intended for each other, to delay much longer in announcing their engagement." True, it averred, Mistress Lucilla, with her long purse and charming beauty, might aspire with reason to any match—nay, even to the most illustrious alliance with foreign rank ever made in our country! And Captain Warriner might yet find that, while he was philandering, some visiting grandee had swooped down and carried off the prize.

The Captain was known for a sad dawdler in love matters, and elsewhere was suspected of being a black sheep. Until the present time no one could have counted upon him to remain faithful to one fair. But now, some people said, he could not afford to wander. He had lately lost much at cards; his horse, Ajax, that had been heavily backed by him to run from the Palisade Gate at Wall Street and Broadway, out to King's Bridge and back, in an hour and forty minutes, had failed by five minutes; and he was out of pocket in many other ways. What a shame for such a good-looking Warriner to be needing money, when there was his cousin's

ARNOLD WARRINER

great property to which he had blood right, and Mistress Lucilla none!

If he did not get her, no doubt she would soon marry some one else, have a house full of children, live to a green old age, and spend her first husband's money upon a brood of a different name and race.

•

Poetic justice and the suffrages of the fair being thus all on the side of Captain Arnold, it becomes us to inquire what were his own feelings in the important matter. Outwardly his homage was laid without reserve at his pretty cousin's feet. No other woman had the ghost of a show when Lucilla was in the room. He looked at her, languished from afar, or was on hand to render her service as assiduously as a confessed Strephon should have done. Lookers-on applauded his frank surrender to Lucilla's charms.

Truth to tell, the Captain applauded himself. Since he had resolved to go into this thing, he thought he had done it thoroughly. What did he really care for the rivalry of the other suitors who, in three months, had sprung up like weeds in the widow's pathway? Neither French masqueraders in red regimentals, nor his fellow-revelers in blue and buff, had afflicted him with fear. He could not bring himself to feel apprehensions of the distinguished member of the new Congress, or yet of the head of the most solid mercantile business in town, of the widowed physician, or of the old bachelor lawyer who had entered the lists beside him. If it pleased Lucilla to fancy her fish tortured upon her hook, he was willing to let her play him, too.

•

Least of all did Arnold fear that most outspoken opponent of his claims, Madam Chester. He was shrewd enough to see that the lady would use her influence to keep at bay all pretenders to her daughter's hand. Never since her own marriage day, twenty-seven years before, had Madam Chester enjoyed so long a space of freedom from contradiction by a man. During Lucilla's marriage she had been kept in indignant resentment of her daughter's husband's claims. Was it likely that in the dawn of this day of better things the good lady would wish to lay her sceptre down? Besides—so said Captain Warriner irreverently—the old bird knew that her nest was well lined with the down of Lucilla's fortune, and would not be likely to step out of it without a conflict. Let her address to him all the sarcastic speeches in her repertory, he did not mind. One word, one downcast look, one heavenly blush of Lucilla's, would give him his revenge!

He was really growing quite enamored of this cousin, who in her married life had seemed to him a silent, shrinking girl, without initiative, and with only a good figure and skin to recommend her. Suddenly she had burst into a rose of beauty! As much as Captain Arnold could admire anything besides himself, he admired his prospective wife. By and by, when he should feel quite ready to renounce celibate joys, he would propose to her in form. Till then, let Lucilla fancy him her humble captive. In matters like this a man has sometimes to stoop to conquer.

To-day, after saluting, with reverence, her white hand, he drew back and allowed Captain Lawrence Hope to take his place. Now, there would have been no law in the social calendar broken by Captain Hope in following the example of his late brother-in-arms and bending to kiss the lily of Lucilla's hand in greeting. But he did not do so, remaining stiffly erect, until the widow, whose face had been half averted at his approach, turned upon him the full gaze of her eyes.

"You are later than you promised!" she said, softly reproachful.

"I have been in attendance upon the President in the fourteen-mile ride," was the answer. "And the mud left on us by the Chief's pace, when we were well out of sight of men, necessitated a prolonged toilet on my return. Jove! he is a wonder in the saddle!"

"As in all departments of life," replied Mrs. Warriner primly. She wished not to lose these moments of tête-à-tête in discussing "the General," and began to fear lest some one else should come in and claim her attention. It was so hard to see any one alone! This pomp and homage that surrounded her cut her off from many little privileges dear to her sex. And then, Captain Hope was always, in a way, inscrutable. One minute she was convinced that she and she alone possessed his heart; the next she feared—nay, was assured—of his complete indifference.

•

At that moment some story-teller on the other side of the room began retailing a delicious bit of gossip. So nice was the stomach of the French Ambassador, 'twas said, and so contemptuous his sister, the Marchioness, of the American *cuisine*, that when invited to dinner, even with the heads of Government, 'twas the custom of His Excellency to sit without eating, crumbling bread upon the cloth, till the moment for the service of the *relève*. Then in would march the Ambassador's chef, in snowy cap and apron, a damask napkin on his arm, carrying a mighty pie of truffled game of his own making. The dainty was placed before his master, who, after serving it to his neighbors, ate of it and of no other dish!

This anecdote, followed by others as savory, concerning the eccentricities of the Marquise, had the effect of diverting to the fortunate speaker the whole attention of the room. M. Brissot de Warville, the cheery little traveler and teller of strange tales, coming in soon after, was quite cast into the shade.

Lucilla only, and Hope—who said little and was more than ever a victim of reserve—remained by the table supporting Mr. Warriner's now totally unheeded Dresden chocolate set. When the widow found that they were not to be interrupted for this little precious time, she could not restrain the almost pleading note that crept into her tones.

"You did not see fit to join me in the promenade yesterday, after all! And when I found that a certain gentleman had not pressed to claim my hand for the Columbian side of the quadrilles, I went over in a secret pet and took my place among the ancients, where I suppose he thinks I fain should be."

"Where, by Heaven, your beauty shone forth with redoubled splendor," cried he irrepressibly. "Ah! Madam, what have I done that you should add this to my burden of self-denial? I believe you know full well that during the quadrilles I sulked in the card-room, as savage in my solitude as an Indian chief."

"I, too, was sulky," said she, pouting, but with an inward glow. His impassioned speech had transformed his whole face and manner. Never had she found him so noble, so beautiful. But now that she had won him to give her this much, she must at once restrain him from giving more.

"I felt cross because of my gown. Although sober in hue, it was half covered with lace no woman in town can match; and an officer, whose name I won't tell you, since he has threatened to commit suicide for his awkwardness, had just allowed his sword-hilt to make a fearful rent in the left side of my tunic. Now, picture my predicament! To mend this properly I must, perhaps, send it to Brussels, where 'twas made, and go without wearing it for horrid ages. Though that reminds me, Captain Hope. No longer ago than last week a friend told us that your mother knows of a Scotch-Irish person—a *protégée* of hers—the most skilled mender of laces in the town. Perhaps you might help me to the services of this Miss—— What did they call her? Miss Eve Watson—was it not?"

•

Now, indeed, had Mrs. Warriner opportunity to observe an excellent display of Captain Hope's before-mentioned peculiarity of changing mood with startling suddenness. He became stiff as a ramrod, grew red, then pale, then fixed upon her a piercing look as if seeking to read her thoughts.

"Whatever can you mean?" she cried with a perfectly natural surprise. "I ask you the simplest favor, and one would think I had committed a capital offense. Be sure, Captain, that after this I shall trespass no more on your good nature."

"Then you had no ulterior motive?—nobody has been—you are quite unaware?—oh, no! I see it; you are as innocent as a child, and I am an ill-mannered, touchy brute, who deserves to be crossed off your list of acquaintances. Mrs. Warriner, although you have known me three months, it has always been under the eyes of strangers and outsiders. Not so much as a stroll with you have I had without some idiot of a man or gossip of a woman coming up and interrupting us. For many a whole sleepless night I have plotted to gain speech with you alone, and been foiled when the time came. If you could know me as I am—if somewhere in this overcrowded world there were allotted to us two a spot secluded from observation——"

Lucilla, in the not unhappy confusion of her feelings, cast a thought to the lonely acres of Warriner Manor, wondering if she would find them quite the same in the company of this handsome, petulant fellow, who had again checked himself, and was biting his lip in vexation at having said so much!

Then into her mind sped a little, tempting winged thought. In the garden at the rear, where spring flowers were a-blow and trees leaned their leafy branches toward the river brink, there was a bench where she often sat alone.

"If to-morrow is fine, and you care to come through the wicket of my garden toward five o'clock," she said, blushing deeply, "I think I can show you a bed of tulips that would do credit to the *goedetrouws* of earlier days."

What Hope would have answered, Lucilla could but surmise. While a new arrival claimed her, again the too-frequent cloud came upon his brow, and he drew back, then waited until he could say in a low whisper:

"Be it so, then. I shall be there, though I have no right to give myself such happiness."

"And you won't forget the lace-mender?" replied Lucilla, joyous that she had conquered, and hardly knowing what she said.

For answer he hurried from the room.

And now Lucilla was again surrounded.

"I can't divine what ails Captain Hope," said Miss Polly Clinton, who had seen something of what had passed. "I'll vow he's completely changed this month past. So fickle in his moods, and so prone to get into gloomy spells."

"They say," put in an acidulated widow of forty, who had not yet succeeded in replacing her lost treasure of a spouse, "that since their reverse of fortune his mother never ceases to urge on him the necessity to marry money. And what with this pressure at home and his poor father a paralytic in his chair, and the Hopes knowing themselves bygones, it can't be supposed that Lawrence can take a cheerful view of life. Besides, what old New Yorker doesn't know that, on his mother's side of the family, there is derangement? His great aunt Prissy used to fancy herself the wife of the man in the moon. Dear knows 'twould be a risk for any sane woman to take up with Captain Hope, be she young or getting on in life."

And with this last not barbless shaft Mistress Malice took her flight. Mrs. Warriner took this painful weapon to bed with her that night, turned it in the wound and cried over the smart. At one moment she was resolved to play him false by failing to be in the garden at the appointed time. At the next she smiled with sweet triumph and confident belief that he loved her for her own loving self alone! But how very abrupt and odd he had been about doing her the simple favor she had asked. What could there be about a mere lace-mender to come between her and the monarch of her heart?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

• • • • • • • • •

THE LAST TEST OF LOVE

By BARRY PAIN

THE sports were over, and three men had still a couple of hours to wait before they could get a train back. The station platform was not inviting, and the old-fashioned village inn absorbed them. There was but one man seated before the huge open fireplace when they entered. He was middle-aged, dressed in black, and had dark, poetical eyes.

The three men regarded him with some curiosity as they lit their cigars. Then they discussed the sports and the time for the quarter, which had been good. It showed, one of them observed, that Timson was undoubtedly the better man.

"Pardon me," the stranger observed, removing the churchwarden from his lips, "but surely it showed only that he was the superior in running the quarter—not that he was the better man."

The first speaker laughed, but answered a little contemptuously: "Certainly. I didn't suppose that it showed that Timson was morally better, or quicker over the sticks."

"I see," said the stranger, "that you think me pedantic. Really, it is not unnatural. But I was thinking of an extraordinary test which has just come to an end, and was intended to show which of two men really was in all respects the better. It lasted for three years. Not one word of it got into the papers. Very few people knew anything about it. I got to hear of it because one of the competitors, George Shadwell, was my cousin. My own name is Shadwell, too."

"If it's not a secret, I should like to hear about it."

"It's no secret. I'll tell you about it when I've got this refilled. I suffer terribly from thirst at times, and this is one of my bad days.

"My cousin, George Shadwell, and Herbert Bracebridge were both fair specimens of good, all-round men," he went on. "In looks, position, fortune, physique, abilities, any one would have said that they were as near equal as they could possibly be. Yet when it came to the test of which I have spoken, my cousin George won a hundred and twelve out of a hundred and thirteen items of which the test was composed. It came about in this way. They were both in love with the same lady, who told them frankly that she would marry the better man, and to find out which was the better man she had made out a real test, consisting of a hundred and thirteen different competitions.

"Many of the tests were quite ordinary. The first was a test for memory. They had to learn the first book of the Æneid by heart. Both did it in exactly the same time, but Bracebridge made two mistakes in repeating it, and my cousin George made only one. This was the more extraordinary because my cousin George didn't know a word of Latin. In another of the events he was handicapped in exactly the same way. This was a swimming race, and George had never learned to swim. He would have taken lessons and trained for it, but no notice was ever given them of what the next event was to be. As soon as they were told it they had to begin it. He got a shilling manual on swimming, studied the theory of it as he was going down to the swimming baths, mastered it completely, and won by a head."

"What time did your cousin make in the athletic events?"

"Well, there was only one race put down for them: that was from the Marble Arch to the top of the Matterhorn. George got the quicker of the two hansoms and maintained his lead throughout. It was a near thing. Bracebridge almost overhauled him at the end, and he won only by about twenty minutes. I don't know the time that it took, nor, I am sorry to say, have I got the exact measurement of the only jump which they had to try—a deep jump. I fancy it was from a second-story window into a street. There, again, Bracebridge had bad luck. Both men did it, but Bracebridge broke his leg. That, of course, meant that he had not done it quite so well as George. The starvation competition was interesting, too. They had to fast for a week, and the one who lost least weight won. George won by an ounce."

•

"George seems to have had all the luck."

"Not all—not absolutely all. He won a hundred and twelve, but he lost one—the last one."

"At any rate, he had all the luck he wanted. If the score needed a hundred and twelve to one, he was proved to be the better man; and I suppose he married the lady?"

"No," said the stranger with a sigh, rising to go. "The hundred and thirteenth competition was to be a duel to the death. It was fought abroad, and George lost. That is why I wear this mourning. Good-by; I must be getting on."

The three friends sat and stared at one another. After a long silence one of them said: "Can nothing be done? Can we leave it like this? Can't we go after him?"

Another of them rang and had the landlord brought.

"Can you," he asked, "tell me who that man is who went out a minute ago? Middle-aged, dressed in black."

"You mean Mr. Smith?" said the landlord.

"You know him, then? Who is he?"

"He is an undertaker. He does not live here, but he is down on a job to-day. Also acts, I believe, as an inspector of gas-meters."

"Are you likely to see him again?"

"I may or I may not. Probably I shall. He generally gives us a call when he is this way."

"The next time you see him would you mind telling him from us that we think he is wanted?"

And with an air of profound melancholy the three friends took their way in silence to the railway station.

The East While You Wait
MY TRAVELS AND TROUBLES IN THE ORIENT

By ROBERT BARR

Copyright, 1899, by Robert Barr

PRISONERS OF THE PASHA

Part II

DO YOU understand the seriousness of what you have done?" cried the Captain, standing in front of the military commandant, now the working model of devotion. "Do you understand that you are illegally detaining an English ship?"

The military man understood nothing; he continued his devotions undisturbed, as if no one was within a hundred miles of him, and although the Captain perambulated around and around him, trying to reach some vulnerable point at which his appeal would penetrate the ears and attention of the devotee, his efforts were useless; the commandant continued his prayers until they were finished. Then he got up, put on his slippers, crossed his legs on the bench again, resumed his coat, and called for another pipe of tobacco, without ever casting a glance on our irate chief.

Luckily the Captain, with a thoughtfulness that brought blessings on his head from all of us, had brought with him from the ship a napkin-covered basket filled with sandwiches, and from a pocket he abstracted a bottle of fine old Scotch; so we gratefully munched our sandwiches, imbibed the spirits with moderation and water, and listened to the account the Captain gave of the Doctor's adventures, which had a comic element that did much to cheer us up. This story was about the Turkish soldier who had been left in the ship's boat. He had gotten frightfully seasick, and when they had rowed to the ship the Doctor had shouted, "Ship ahoy! Send down somebody here to pick up a section of the Turkish Army." Then two sailors between them had hoisted the limp figure of the Turkish soldier to the deck, where some brandy brought speedy recovery from his disquieting malady. The Doctor had followed the passenger up the ladder and had told the Captain of our fate. So, taking the interpreter and a crew with him, the Captain had got into the boat and rowed for Suadiyeh, where we were detained.

•

As the Captain finished telling us his story there was a commotion along the gallery outside, and in came the Kaimakam. I had hoped that the head of the civil authority would be something like our quarantine officer, but alas! such was not the case. With great pomposity he took a seat at the side of the commandant, pulled out the document and read it over. He ordered us up before him, and, glancing along our silent line, made a contemptuous snort and waved us to our seats again. Then he shook his head and the commandant shook his head also. As the two were whispering together, the Captain with John the interpreter confronted them.

"Ask the Kaimakam," said the Captain, "how long he is going to detain these men."

"I want," said the black man, "why these men come here."

"Tell him," said the Captain, smothering his indignation as well as he could, "that they had every right to come here. They delivered up their papers to the Kaimakam himself at this very table. They asked and received permission to do what they did. Tell him that they have not only passports from their own country, but that they possess also Turkish teskeries, permission from the Sultan himself to visit the ruins, and tell the Kaimakam that he will have to answer to Stamboul for this detention." John delivered this message to the Kaimakam, and bowing low as he received his reply, he translated it to the Captain.

•

"I want why these men not coming to the customs house? Why they go in small boat and try go back on coast. What they expec' for do?"

"What did they expect to do?" cried the Captain; "they expected to land at Seleucia to visit the ruins of that district."

The Kaimakam looked at John with amazement. I heard him cry "Antiqua, antiqua!"

"I want," translated John, "no man so big fool go see antiqua where nobody live. He say you are liar. I want why this man have Turkish abyai in disguise?"

"There is no disguise about it," replied the Captain; "he has as much right to that abyai as the Kaimakam has. It is absurd to detain men on such a flimsy pretext as this. They found no arms on the persons of the men and no arms in the boat. Tell him that, and ask him to let them go. Tell him also that the ship is being detained; we have been ready to sail for the last six hours."

The Kaimakam had been gradually lashing himself into a fury, and now he stood up with his arms waving like a windmill, trying to browbeat the Captain, and roaring out what seemed to be the most deplorable language. "What is agitating him?" asked the Captain. "What is he talking about; what is he saying to me?"

"I want," said John, "you take your ship and go. He not detain ship; he not care where ship go, and not care you not come back here again. He spit on English ship; you go, me go where like; these men here in prison."

The Kaimakam, sitting down again, absolutely refused to hear anything more about our case either from the Captain or his interpreter.

The Captain asked John to find out if there was any authority superior to the Kaimakam to whom we might appeal. It was learned that there was a Pasha who outranked both the Kaimakam and the military officer, but he was stationed at Antioch, four hours away, and it was now midnight. Telegraphic communications were now flying between Antioch and Suadiyeh, and each dispatch that came in seemed to stiffen the backs of our detainers. Toward morning it seems that an order came from Constantinople to hold us at all hazards.

A little later came the dramatic moment of the weary night. The silence was suddenly broken by the rattle of musket-butts. Immediately after this there appeared in the doorway a fine military looking man with a cloak over his shoulders, having very much the bearing and semblance of a natty French officer. The guards on either side the door saluted, and the fussy importance of the stout Kaimakam dropped from him as if he had flung his abyai to the floor. The newcomer entered swiftly, cast a quick, eager glance around the room, ejaculated a brief question to his subordinate military commandant, which I interpreted to be: "What's all this fuss about?"

•

We instantly knew without being told it that here before us stood the Pasha. He had come that evening unexpectedly to Suadiyeh, and heard a rumor of what had happened at the port. He got on his horse and reached us about one o'clock in the morning. I never saw a man who got so quickly at the marrow of a thing as did this Pasha. The praying person began mumbling, while the Pasha looked us over. He interrupted his subordinate, strode over to where we three were sitting, and shook hands with each. Then saluting the Captain, and speaking admirable French, he asked for his version of the complication. Turning to me, he said: "You allege that three of the soldiers leveled their guns at you; is that true?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Can you pick these men out from the squad?"

"I think so," I replied.

A number of soldiers were marched into the room and I selected the three who had held us up. These men the Pasha made stand forward. He angrily rated them, had their weapons taken from them, and marched them off, seemingly under arrest. Then he sat down and heard the account of the affair, saying nothing during the recital, but interjecting the exclamation "Puh! puh! puh!" Before this he had sent for the original dispatches, and when they arrived he perused them with great interest. He turned on the Kaimakam and the praying man and gave them such a rating as I had never heard. The Pasha then wrote a long dispatch.

•

"I am very sorry, gentlemen," said the Pasha, rising and saluting us, "but this affair, through the muddling of two fools, has assumed proportions that are beyond my grasp. I dare not release you because authority greater than I has sent word that you are to be held, evidently under a total misapprehension, brought about by the dispatches received from this incapable Kaimakam. I have just sent in a report of two hundred and fifty words, which puts the occurrence in its proper light, but until an order comes from my superiors it is impossible for me to let you go."

Then turning to the Captain he said:

"I am very sorry for all this, but you understand, of course, that we do not detain you or the ship at all. You are at perfect liberty to come or go as you choose."

The Pasha made some inquiries from his subordinate and then bade us good-night.

The Kaimakam and the man of prayer held a whispered conversation together, and then sneaked out of the room in company, like a couple of whipped dogs. The sympathetic quarantine officer, offering us, once more, cigarettes all around, led the way to a room adjoining the apartment. Here there was a kind of an apology for a bed and a kind of an apology for a bench.

•

It was a lovely morning, and after breakfasting I resolved to test the strictness of our imprisonment. I passed the guard at the door and the one at the head of the stairs without being molested. Seeing me descend, some of the soldiers in the courtyard took up their guns. I walked to the bank of the river, and then a soldier followed me, keeping, rather sheepishly, some way behind, his rifle over his shoulder. I tramped this man over a good section of the Turkish Empire, up and down the river and to the borders of the swamp. His vigilance relaxed a good deal. Some little distance up the river there is a four-sided inclosure with mud walls about ten feet high. It seemed to be a market square, and has an arched entrance through each of the four sides. When I came to the southern entrance I suddenly bolted in, darted through the western exit, and worked my way around to the south side again. I caught a glimpse of the coat-tails of my guard flying in through the entrance by which I had disappeared. Coming softly up behind him, I saw him standing there within the inclosure, his jaw dropped, and his rifle leveled, cocked and held on the alert; the man, not knowing which way I had fled, was looking in a bewildered manner from one of the three exits to the other. I slapped him heartily on the shoulder and said:

"Here, old man, you'll have to guard me a little better than this, you know." The soldier smiled and then laughed outright. He even allowed me to take his rifle in my hand and examine it. It was made by the Martini & Peabody Company, of Providence, Rhode Island, U. S. A.

•

My man told the rest of the company and they received the story with a good deal of hilarity. They offered me coffee, and I got a squad of them together and put them through the American drill, which I had learned when a member of a light infantry company in the States. They proved amazingly quick in the "uptak," as the Scotch say. The Kaimakam had arrived, but all his former cockiness was gone. Presently I saw a messenger gallop up, spring from his horse and mount the steps. I dismissed my squad and hurried after him. I expected this was the order for our release. The Kaimakam, who was exceedingly subdued, opened the telegram with an impatience that almost exceeded our own. Its purport was quickly gathered from the changed demeanor of the Kaimakam. All his old truculence and air of importance returned. He gave an order to the guard, and when next I attempted to descend the stairway I was stopped; we were confined to the barracks once more. The decision at headquarters had been against us. The Pasha probably had information of this, for although he promised to be with us early in the morning we never saw him again. The Kaimakam ordered us into our cell and there we sat moodily.

It was at this interesting stage that the Rev. Mr. Dodds came in upon us. He could both speak and write Turkish, and so, with all the energy of an American, he took our case in hand. He said there was not the slightest use of telegraphing anybody, because the dispatches would not be delivered until it suited the convenience of the Turkish officials. The only thing to do was to get a messenger off to the British Vice-Consul at Antioch. The Captain wrote out a statement in the tersest English I have ever seen in a document. Meanwhile the clergyman had got a messenger whom he mounted on his own swift Arabian horse.

•

The hours passed somewhat wearily, the monotony broken, however, by a very excellent lunch that came from the steamer. It was about four o'clock when the messenger returned from Antioch, having made remarkably quick time. He brought a letter from the British Vice-Consul, which said that probably the order for our release would reach Suadiyeh before the messenger, as the Vice-Consul would at once see the authorities, and if they proved obdurate would immediately communicate with the Honorable Drummond Hay, British Consul at Beyrout.

About this time some one of the party began to think yearningly of the British flag. It was proposed that a boat-load of British sailors should be sent for from the ship, bringing with them a Union Jack at the prow and another at the stern; that we would hand to the Kaimakam a written protest against our further detention, march to the small boat under the protection of the British flag, taking the chance of the Turks firing upon it. Mr. Dodds wrote the protest in Arabic and it was handed to the Kaimakam, who treated it with the utmost scorn, while from the balcony we presently saw the white boat lowered from the black side of the steamer, and with a Union Jack at stern and prow we watched the white craft coming steadily toward us. The

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article, the second part of Prisoners of the Pasha, concludes the third paper in Robert Barr's series, My Travels and Troubles in the Orient. Paper No. 4 will appear in an early issue.

Rev. Mr. Dodds begged us not to attempt embarkation until he had seen the Pasha, who still remained at Suadiyeh. The clergyman mounted his Arabian horse and galloped off to interview the Pasha, and the flag-decorated boat drew up at the shore. The boat's crew gave a cheer when they recognized us on the balcony. The silent reply of the dogged military commander was to draw up a squad of soldiers where they commanded the boat, and as the men took their places we heard the "snick, snick" of the cartridges being placed in the rifles. The sailor boys were just bristling for a fight. They had wanted to take with them at the prow of the boat the steamer's signal, or saluting cannon, filled to the muzzle with canister, but the chief officer would not allow them.

The boys in the boat hailed me with enthusiasm.

"I say," cried their leader, "aren't you coming aboard?"

"No, this isn't our day to get shot. We prefer being shot to-morrow."

"This mob would never dare shoot at you under the British flag. They haven't got the courage. I know this lot; they can't shoot. We've fought 'em at Constantinople. I say, ain't you goin' to let us have a shy at 'em."

"My dear fellow, you couldn't do anything. There are more than a hundred soldiers here, all armed with rifles."

"Don't you make any mistake, sir," said the sailor urgently; "you just get the Captain to give the word an' we'll clean out this mob in two minutes an' dump old stick-in-the-mud in the river on top o' the lot."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," cried two or three of the others eagerly; "they looks big, but they ain't nothin'. Every time we're ashore in Turkey we have a shy at 'em, an' they've never hurt us yet, guns or no guns."

At this point the guard came up, and, touching me on the shoulder, ordered me back to prison.

"Don't you go, sir," shouted an angry sailor. "He touched you on the shoulder, so that's an assault. If you'll swear to it that he hit the first blow I'll dump him in the creek. So you just say the word."

"Oh, no," I replied; "this man and I are old pals. We have been touring around the country to-day together, and he isn't a bad sort of fellow. I don't want to see him hurt."

The sun went down on our wrath into the Mediterranean, and darkness came on before the message arrived which set us at liberty. The Kaimakam was so disappointed that he departed in a huff without giving any notice to our guards that we were not to be molested further, so we had some little difficulty before being allowed to enter the boat. The trouble was smoothed down by Mr. Dodds, who read to the soldiers the telegram which explained to them that further opposition was useless.

• • • • • • • • •

A PLANTATION DIPLOMAT

By **Paul Laurence Dunbar**

THERE was a warm flush of anger on Robert Curtis' face as he ran down the steps of the old Stuart mansion. Every one said of this young man that he possessed in a marked degree the high temper for which his family was noted. And one looking at him that night would have said that this temper had been roused to the utmost.

This was not the first time Robert Curtis had ridden away from the Stuarts' in anger. Emily Stuart was a high-strung girl, independent, and impatient of control, and their disagreements had been many. But they had never gone so far as this one, and they had somehow always blown over. This time the young lover had carried away in his pocket the ring with which they had plighted their troth, and had gone away vowing never to darken those doors again, and Emily had been exasperatingly polite and cool, though her eyes were flashing as she assured him how little she ever wanted to look upon his face again.

It may have been the strain of keeping this self-possession that made her break down so completely as soon as her lover was out of sight. That she did break down is beyond dispute, for when Dely came in with a very much disordered waistband she found her mistress in tears.

With the quick sympathy and easy familiarity of a favorite servant she ran to her mistress exclaiming, "La, Miss Em'ly, whut's de mattah?"

Her Miss Emily waved her away silently, and drying her eyes stood up dramatically.

"Dely," she said, "Mr. Curtis will not come here any more after to-day. Certain things have made it impossible. I know that you and Ike are interested in each other, and I do not want the changed relations between Mr. Curtis and me to make any difference to you and Ike."

"La, Miss Em'ly," said Dely, surreptitiously straightening her waistband, "I don' keer nuffin' 'bout Ike; he ain't nuffin' 'tall to me."

"Don't fib, Dely," said Emily impressively.

"'Clah to goodness, Miss Em'ly, I ain't fibbin'; but even if Ike was anyt'ing to me you know I wa'n't nevah 'spectin' to go ovah to the Cu'tis plantation 'ceptin' wid you, w'en you an' Mas' Bob——"

"That will do, Dely." Emily caught up her handkerchief and hurried from the room.

"Po' Miss Em'ly," soliloquized Dely; "she des natchully breakin' huh hea't now, but she ain't gwine let on. Ike, indeed! I ain't bothahed 'bout Ike," and then she added, smiling softly, "that scamp's des de same ez a b'ah; he mighty nigh ruined my ap'on at de wais'."

•

Robert Curtis was crossing the footbridge which separated the Curtis and Stuart farther fields before Ike rode up abreast of him. The bay mare was covered with dust and foam, and a heavy scowl lay darkly on the young man's face.

Finding his horse blown by her hard gallop, the white man drew rein, and they rode along more slowly, but in silence. Not a word was spoken until they alighted, and the master tossed the reins to his servant.

"Well," he said bitterly, "when you go to the Stuarts' again, Ike, you'll have to go alone."

"Then I won't go," said Ike promptly.

"Oh, yes, you will; you're fool enough to be hanging around a woman's skirts, too; you'll go."

"Whaih you don' go, I don' go."

"Well, I don't go to the Stuarts' any more, that's one thing certain." Robert was very young.

"Then I don' go," returned Ike doggedly; "don' you reckon I got some fambly feelin's?"

The young man's quick anger was melting in its own heat, and he laughed in spite of himself as he replied: "Neither family feelings nor anything else count for much when there's a woman in the case."

"Now, I des wonder," said Ike, as he led the horses away and turned them over to a stable boy, "I des wonder how long this hyeah thing's goin' on? De las' time they fell out fu' evah hit was fou' whole days befo' he give in. I reckon this time it might run to be a week."

He might have gone on deluding himself thus, if he had not suddenly awakened to the fact that more than the week he had set as the limit of the estrangement had passed and he had not yet been commanded to saddle a horse and ride over to the Stuarts' with the note that invariably brought reconciliation and happiness.

He felt disturbed in his mind, and his trouble visibly increased when, on the next day, which was Sunday, Quin, who was his rival in everything, dressed himself with more than ordinary care and took his way toward the Stuarts'.

"Whut's de mattah wid you, Ike?" asked one of the house boys next day; "you goin' to let Quin cut you out? He was ovah to Stu'a'ts' yistiddy, an' he say he had a ta'in' down time wid Miss Dely."

"Oh, I don' reckon anybody's goin' to cut me out."

"Bettah not he so sho," said the boy; "bettah look out."

This was too much for Ike. He had been wavering; now his determination gave way, yet he tried to delude himself.

"Hit's a shame," he said. "I des knows Mas' Bob is bre'kin' his hea't to git back to Miss Em'ly, an' hit do seem lak somep'n 'oughter be done to gin him a chancet."

It needed only the visit from his master that afternoon to decide him. He was out on the back veranda cleaning shoes, when his master came and stood in front of him, flicking his boots with his riding-whip.

"Ah, Ike, you haven't been over to Mr. Stuart's lately."

"No, suh; co'se not; I ain't been ovah."

"Well, I don't believe I'd do that, Ike. Don't let my affair keep you away; you go on and see her. You don't know; she might be sick or something, and want to see you. Here's fifty cents; take her something nice." And with the very erroneous idea that he had fooled both Ike and himself, Robert Curtis went down the steps whistling.

"What'd I tell you?" said Ike, addressing the shoe which sat upon his hand, and he began to hurry.

Dely was sitting on the doorstep of her mother's cabin as Ike came up. She pretended not to see him, but she was dressed as if she expected his coming.

"Howdy, Dely; how you this evenin'?" said Ike.

"La, Mistah Ike," said Dely, affecting to be startled, "I come mighty nigh not seein' you. Won't you walk in?"

"No, I des tek a seat on de do'step hyeah 'longside you." She tossed her head, but made room for him on the step.

"I ain't seen you fu' sev'al days."

"You wasn' blin' ner lame."

"No, but you know," answered Ike rather doggedly.

"I don' know nuthin'," Dely returned.

"I wasn' 'spected to come alone."

"Was you skeered?"

"Did you want me to come alone?"

Dely did not deign to answer.

"I wonder how long this is goin' on?" pursued Ike; "I'm gittin' mighty tiahd of it."

"They ain't no tellin'. Miss Em'ly she mighty high-strung."

"Well, hit's a shame, fu' them two loves one another, an' they ought to be brought togethah."

"Co'se they ought; but how anybody goin' to do it?"

"You an' me could try ef you was willin'."

"I'd do anything fu' my Miss Em'ly."

"An' I'd do anything fu' Mas' Bob. Come an' le's walk down by the big gate an' talk about it."

Dely rose, and together they walked down by the big gate, where they stood in long and earnest conversation. Maybe it was all about their master's and mistress' love affair.

•

It was some such interest which ostensibly prompted Robert Curtis to sit up for Ike that night. Ike came into the yard whistling. His master was sitting on the porch.

"Ike, you are happy; you must have had a good time."

Instantly Ike's whistle was cut short, and the late moonlight shone upon a very lugubrious countenance as he answered:

"Sometimes people whistles to drown dey sorrers."

"Why, what sorrows have you got? Wasn't Dely in a pleasant mood?"

"Dely's mighty 'sturbed 'bout huh Miss Em'ly."

"About her Miss Emily!" exclaimed the young master in sudden excitement; "what's the matter with Miss Emily?"

"Oh, Dely says she des seems to be a-pinin' 'bout somep'n'. She don' eat an' she don' sleep."

"Poor little——" began Curtis, then he checked himself. "Hum," he said. "Well, good-night, Ike."

When Ike had gone in, his master went to his room and paced the floor for a long while. Then he went out again and walked up and down the lawn. "Maybe I'm not treating her just right," he murmured; "poor little thing, but——" and he clenched his fist and kept up his walking.

"Ike was here to-night?" said Miss Emily to Dely as the maid was brushing her hair that night.

"Yes'm, he was hyeah."

"Yes, I saw him come up the walk early, and I didn't call you because I knew you'd want to talk to him," she sighed.

"Yes'm, he wanted to talk mighty bad. He feelin' mighty 'sturbed 'bout his Mas' Bob."

The long, brown braid was quickly snatched out of her hand as her young mistress whirled swiftly round.

"What's the matter with his master?"

"Oh, Ike say he des seem to pine. He don' seem to eat, an' he don' sleep."

Miss Emily had a sudden fit of dreaming from which she awoke to say, "That will do, Dely; I won't need you any more to-night." Then she put out her light and leaned out of her window, looking with misty eyes at the stars. And something she saw up there in the bright heavens made her smile and sigh again.

•

It was on the morrow that Dely told her mistress about some wonderful wild flowers that were growing in the west woods in a certain nook, and Dely was so much in earnest about it that her mistress finally consented to follow her thither.

Strange to say, that same morning Ike accosted his young master with, "Look hyeah, Mas' Bob, de birds is sholy thick ovah yondah in that stretch o' beechwoods. I've polished up the guns fu' you, ef you want to tek a shot."

"Well, I don't mind, Ike. We'll go for a while."

It was in this way—quite by accident, of course, one looking for strange flowers, and the other for birds—that Emily and Robert, with their faithful attendants, set out for the same stretch of woods.

Miss Emily was quite despairing of ever finding the wonderful flowers, and Ike was just protesting that he himself had "seen them birds," when all of a sudden Dely exclaimed: "Well, la! Ef thaih ain't Mas' Cu'tis."

Miss Emily turned pale and red by turns as Robert, blushing like a girl, approached her, hat in hand.

"Miss Emily."

"Mr. Curtis."

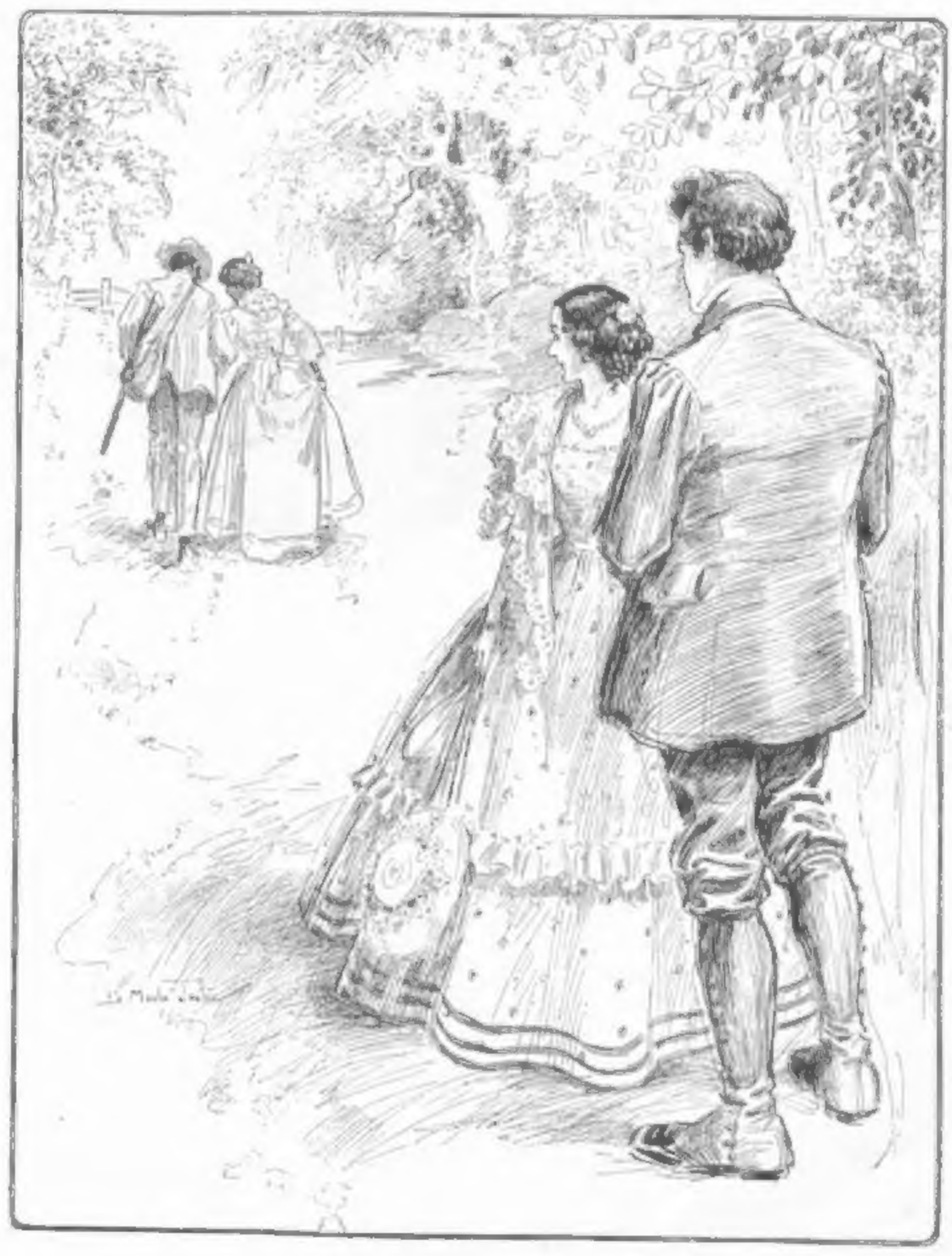
Then they both turned to look for their attendants. Ike and Dely were walking up a side path together. They both broke into a laugh that would not be checked.

"It would be a shame to disturb them," Robert went on when he could control himself. "Emily, I've been a——"

"Oh, Robert!"

"Let us take the good that the gods provide."

"And they," said Emily, looking after the blacks, "stand for the gods."



"And they stand for the gods"

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are making HISTORY

American Interest in the Caroline Islands Renewed

Several times during the war with Spain there were reasons for believing that the United States contemplated seizing the group of Spanish islands in the Pacific Ocean known as the Carolines or New Philippines. These islands are of coral formation and several hundred in number, and lie between the Philippines and the Ladrones.

When the treaty of peace left the group in the possession of Spain a prompt bid for their purchase was made by Germany, in the expectation that their acquisition would act as a commercial offset to the American retention of the Philippines. Spain asked what Germany considered an exorbitant price, but the latter did not cease negotiations.

While Spain and Germany are still trying to come to terms, the United States has become anxious for at least a foothold on the islands, and the last phase of the situation shows Germany seeking the entire group, the United States wanting only the island of Kusaie and willing to pay $1,000,000 for it, Spain holding up the entire archipelago for the highest bidder, and the great mass of the Caroline people begging for the privilege of becoming Americans.

The United States already has large interests there, for its missionaries have established churches and schools on forty-one of the islands with which 23,000 of the people are identified.

Confederate Veterans and the Care of Confederate Graves

At the ninth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in Charleston action was taken on the suggestion, made by President McKinley in Atlanta in December last, that the graves of Confederate soldiers be cared for by the Federal Government.

A resolution introduced by General Stephen D. Lee expressed appreciation of the President's sentiments, and the belief that legislation by the Federal Government such as he had suggested would show clearly the advance that the American people have achieved in the higher virtues that adorn a great nation.

This resolution met with severe opposition, and a substitute was adopted declaring that the United Confederate Veterans would "welcome any legislation which shall result in the care of the graves of our comrades in the Northern States by our Government," and that the care of the graves in the States which were represented in the Confederacy and in Maryland "is a sacred trust, dear to the hearts of Southern women, and we believe that we can safely let it there remain."

Government Experiment to Reproduce Great American Forests

Timber cutting on our great forest tracts has been carried on so extensively, and at the same time so injudiciously, in recent years, that it has now become necessary for the future of the industry that the warning voice of the scientist should be heeded and systematic forest-making undertaken.

In order to preserve as far as possible the supply of large trees, and to insure the large growth of small ones, the Agricultural Department at Washington organized recently a Division of Forestry, under the direction of Professor Gifford Pinchot, who has perfected plans for preserving timber lands and for securing the greatest profit from the annual cuttings from them.

Already nearly 2,000,000 acres of timber land in the Adirondacks, mostly private property, have been placed under the control of the Agricultural Department for experimental purposes, and the Department expects to demonstrate there the best method for reproducing forests of large commercial value and for checking indiscriminate cutting.

A Yankee Bridge that Lasted Ireland Nearly 75 Years

While the recent awarding of a contract by the British War Office to a Philadelphia firm for the construction of an iron bridge to be erected across the Atbara River in the Soudan continues to cause much criticism in British labor and political circles, it has brought to the surface a precedent nearly a hundred years old.

In 1789, Lemuel Cox, of Boston, began building a bridge across the Foyle River which made the principal connecting link between the counties of Derry and Donegal in Ireland. This bridge was opened for foot passengers in 1790 and for vehicles in 1791, and was in constant use for nearly seventy-five years.

The structure was 1068 feet long and forty feet wide, and cost $81,470. When, in 1863, it was closed and removed, its oak timbers, piles and string-pieces were found to be in excellent preservation. The construction and wear of the bridge attested the soundness of American workmanship in the "old-fashioned days."

Yankee Wheels for English Rails

The Baldwin Locomotive Works are building thirty locomotives for the Midland, twenty for the Great Northern, and twenty for the Great Central—all English railways.

So much comment has been made on this circumstance that some accurate statements in respect to the same may be of interest. No doubt the reason that orders have been placed in this country has been the inability of English manufacturers to fill the orders in the time required. What was called the "engineers' strike" in England, which kept most of the works idle for a long period, closing about the middle of last year, is largely responsible for the condition of affairs.

English manufacturers, with the orders in hand and with those which accumulated during the strike, have been unable to take new business and make early delivery. It is also a fact that none of the English locomotive works has the large capacity possessed by the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

The development of railroads in the United States, which has led to the construction of about 185,000 miles of railroad, has necessarily stimulated the growth of locomotive building plants. The actual capacity of the Baldwin Locomotive Works to-day is fully 1000 locomotives a year. This is evidenced by the fact that in 1890, 946 locomotives were actually constructed. The existing facilities and the larger force now employed indicate a much larger construction during the current year. The number of men now on the pay-roll is about 6200, and the works are in operation night and day from Monday morning until six o'clock Saturday night.

The necessity which compelled English railway companies to come to the United States for locomotives has also

JOHN H. CONVERSE
OF THE BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS

undoubtedly and wisely suggested their adopting the American type of locomotive. If the English type had been demanded, a much longer time would have been required to make the necessary drawings and patterns and fill the orders. As time was of the essence of the contract, the English companies have done well to adopt substantially American types. A further reason for this, however, may be found in the fact that English and American locomotive practices are steadily assimilating.

So far as the types of locomotives are concerned there is an increasing similarity. This is evidenced by the fact that the Great Northern Railway of England has recently built a passenger locomotive of what is known as the "Atlantic" type, which was introduced by the Baldwin Locomotive Works several years ago. This is the same type of engine as those which have made such a phenomenal record in hauling trains from Camden to Atlantic City, fifty-five and one-half miles in from forty-four to fifty minutes. The success of this sample passenger locomotive on the Great Northern road has been such that additional locomotives of the same type are to be constructed in the shops of the Great Northern Railway.

The comparatively prompt delivery which we have been able to make of these English locomotives is chiefly explained by the reasons given above. It has been, however, freely asserted, by some of our English cousins, that the reason for the prompt delivery lay in the fact that our practice is to construct all the different parts of locomotives and have them on hand, so that when an order comes in it is only necessary to assemble the parts and turn out the complete locomotive. This is a pure hallucination and "an iridescent dream." There are no standard locomotives in American practice at this time, any more than there are in English. Every railroad company, as a rule, has its own specifications.

In the specific case before us the locomotives for the Midland Railway had to be especially designed because the similar American locomotives could not have run over the road. The stone platforms at English railway stations are much nearer the rail than is the case with the platforms on American railways. A much narrower cross-measurement of locomotive is, therefore, required in English practice. While the English railways have ordered a type of locomotive generally similar to that used in American practice, it was necessary to re-design it in order to make it sufficiently narrow to pass the platforms.

John H. Converse

Movement to Promote Higher Commercial Education

The Post has taken a deep interest in all matters pertaining to the character and work of our Consular and commercial representatives abroad, and has called attention to the best features of the new methods undertaken by the large trading countries of Europe to perfect their present services and build up the new ones that will be needed in the future.

Two recent events are now noted with gratification as being on the line of the Post's suggestions, and as showing the beginning in this country of a movement to provide the Government with a thoroughly trained commercial service based on individual business fitness rather than political affiliations.

President Angell, of the University of Michigan, himself an experienced diplomatist, has offered to furnish to the Government a number of liberally educated young men who will pay their own expenses abroad for several years if they can be assured of appointments to the Consular service afterward.

The New York Chamber of Commerce has offered to establish and maintain in Columbia University a department of commercial education that shall prepare approved candidates for places with members of the Chamber, and afterward under the Government.

These projects are similar in intent to what is now being done in the large cities of England, Germany, Austria and France with a view to perfecting the public service.

The Personal Feature of Journalism in California

The Legislature of California has passed a law which, if observed, will partially revive the old-time personal feature of journalism. The law provides that every article in a newspaper or other publication that "tends to blacken the memory of the dead" or to "impeach the reputation of the living" shall be signed by the true name of the writer.

It is not so many years ago that the daily press of the country derived a large appetizing flavor from the conspicuously stated opinions of the chief writers on the great questions of the day. Then it was the name of the principal editorial writer, rather than the name of the paper, as now, that readers quoted in support of their own views.

When a more than usually engrossing question was before the public it was customary to inquire, not what does this or that paper say, but what do Greeley, Raymond, Bowles, Forney, Marble, McCullogh, Medill, Dana, McClure, Chamberlain, Watterson, Halstead, Hawley, and others of the giants in journalism think about it. How many thousands there were who turned regularly to the editorial page of the New York Tribune for the statement of fact and the familiar comments by H. G.

It is to be observed, however, that the new California law has a purpose wholly different from that of this old-time custom, and that its constitutionality is to be vigorously fought.

Mr. Barrett Says the Philippines Are Certainly Worth $20,000,000 and a Fight

One of the clearest pictures of the real situation in the Philippines is that drawn by Honorable John Barrett, formerly United States Minister to Siam, who spent several months in Manila on his way home.

He is fully convinced that the solution of the Philippine problem is giving much more concern to persons here who know little about it than to persons in the islands who know all about it. There is not an officer or man in the Army or Navy who does not believe that the plan for subduing the islands and bringing them under American control formulated by General Otis and Admiral Dewey is the correct one, and that it will be carried out successfully.

While it is true that the volunteers are anxious to return home, it is equally true that they are desirous of remaining in the field till they can be relieved without injuring the plan of campaign. He was particularly importuned to contradict the impression that the volunteers want to come home at any cost.

The anti-imperialist literature sent out to the American Army had had no effect on our troops except to arouse general indignation, but had greatly encouraged the insurgents. Mr. Barrett, touching the value of the islands, says "they are certainly worth $20,000,000 and a fight."

Agrarian Hostility to a Commercial Treaty

There is scarcely a doubt but that at the present time the Government of Germany is sincere in its avowals of friendship for the United States. By word and example the Emperor has gone further than sovereigns usually do to make clear his desire, and Premier von Bülow has declared that in reality there neither was nor could be an enmity of interests between the two countries.

It is unfortunate for both Governments that the official entente is not fully indorsed in Germany, where the Agrarian party continues to raise obstacles against the harmonizing of present differences that are more imaginary than real. The state of trade between the two countries has been persistently misrepresented, despite official statistics, and the attack on American meats has grown more bitter.

This opposition has rendered the task of formulating a new commercial treaty between the United States and Germany a difficult one. It may be said that all Germany excepting the Agrarians favors the early negotiation of such a treaty.

Governor Flower's Death Caused a Shrinkage of $120,000,000 in Stock Values

That a serious panic should follow the death of a man of such financial shrewdness and large resources as the late ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower seems incredible to people unfamiliar with stock-market life.

Yet within an hour there was a market shrinkage of nearly $20,000,000 in what were known to be his favorite stocks, and of about $100,000,000 in outside securities. In the first hour the Stock Exchange was open all previous records were broken with dealings aggregating 530,000 shares, and in two hours these amounted to more than 735,000 shares.

During the fifteen minutes the panic was at its height the business friends of Governor Flower paid the handsome tribute to his worth and character of offering his firm $100,000,000 with which to protect its property, an offer that was declined as unnecessary.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

McKinley's Gracious Hospitality

Very few Presidents of the United States have had a greater faculty for making visitors feel at ease than William McKinley. It is not altogether policy, but it springs in a large measure from that same thoughtfulness for other persons' comfort which has been exemplified by his years of devotion to his charming and invalid wife.

Soon after his inauguration a member of the family of former President Harrison called at the White House with his wife to pay his respects. During General Harrison's administration he had been a frequent visitor at the Executive Mansion, often staying there for weeks at a time.

Of course all of the attendants knew him, and he had no difficulty in having his card taken direct to the President, who was presiding over a meeting of the Cabinet at the time. Mr. McKinley at once left the room and warmly greeted his visitors in the anteroom. Not satisfied with this, he personally escorted the lady upstairs to his domestic apartments and presented her to Mrs. McKinley.

Then returning with the gentleman, he took him into the Cabinet room and presented him in turn to each member of his official family. After this, he took him upstairs to his wife, in Mrs. McKinley's rooms, and left them both there, with the parting injunction to look upon the White House as their home whenever they were in Washington.

"You lived here once," he said. "You know the old place better than I do. It must have pleasant memories for you both. I shall esteem it a rare pleasure to have you drop in on us whenever you are in town. You may be sure that you will be welcome always."

•

Mrs. Lowe's Introduction into Clubdom

Mrs. Rebecca J. Lowe, the President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in addition to her many other accomplishments has the reputation of being the best housekeeper in Atlanta, Georgia. Born with the domestic taste of a true daughter of the South, her home has always been of first importance.

MRS. REBECCA J. LOWE

But her broad sympathy reached beyond this limit, and as her children grew up and gave her greater leisure Mrs. Lowe saw in the Women's Club movement in the North an avenue of culture and progress for women which her State did not possess. So calling together a few of the representative women of her town to a meeting in her own parlor the first Woman's Club of Atlanta was started. Other towns quickly took up the idea, and as a result of the effort Mrs. Lowe soon had the Georgia State Federation of Women's Clubs with herself as its first President.

The activity and progress of these Georgia clubs soon attracted the attention of the General Federation, and notwithstanding her recent entrance to clubdom Mrs. Lowe found herself a person of much importance at the convention held in Denver last June. Her election as President of this vast body representing upward of 100,000 of America's best women was a surprise to all. But already the wisdom of the choice is becoming apparent in several ways. Among these must be mentioned the interest she has manifested in the advance of working women.

In appearance Mrs. Lowe is most prepossessing, having preserved her youthfulness to an unusual degree considering her grown children. Her manner is gentle and retiring, and yet she possesses a dignity which befits her high office.

•

Wheeler Tells How They Raise Men in Georgia

During a recent visit to the Army camp in Savannah, General Joseph Wheeler was entertained by a party of Northern men at the De Soto, when, in the good humor of after-dinner cigars, one of the gentlemen said laughingly:

"How is it, General, that the sleepy farms of the South produce such whirlwind fighters in such small packages?"

"Well, gentlemen," said the little General, puffing at a large man's cigar, "I believe I'll have to give you the answer an old 'cracker' woman once gave me when I asked her a similar question. Not many years ago I had occasion to make a saddle journey through the pine barrens of Georgia, where most everybody is a 'cracker' and mighty shiftless. One day, however, I rode into a little community that showed such signs of thrift as to be quite out of keeping with the general character of the barrens, I do assure you, gentlemen. I rode up to a cabin where a gaunt old woman stood in the doorway, and asked her who owned these little farms that were so well kept.

"'That farm on the left belongs to my son Jabes,' said she, 'and the next one to my boy Zalim, and the next to my lad Jason, and the next is my boy Potiphar's place, and——'

"'Hold on, sister,' said I. 'How did you manage to raise such a fine lot of boys way off here in the woods?'

"'Wal, stranger,' she answered, 'I am a widdy woman, and all I had to raise 'em on was prayer and hickory, but I raised 'em powerful frequent.'"

•

President Harper as a Practical Joker

William Rainey Harper, President of the University of Chicago, recently established his reputation as a practical joker in a way that left no doubt that he was a man accustomed to do his work upon a large scale. The story has already woven itself into the mesh of college tradition, and will long serve to illustrate one side of the character of the great Western educator. It was a cold, clear day, a football day, and Marshall Field, by the Midway, was gay with battle-flags that foretold a stubborn contest.

The vast grandstands were crowded to their utmost capacity, for this occasion, when Chicago meets her rival, the University of Wisconsin, is always one of intense enthusiasm and fierce partisanship. Bands tried ineffectually to drown the steady joyful shout of the "rooter," students and alumni trooped to the colors of their alma mater, and the eager throng poured steadily through the many gates.

At this time there appeared in a conspicuous place on the main grandstand William Rainey Harper, escorting President Adams, of the University of Wisconsin. The players had not yet appeared, and the restless crowd centred its attention upon the two figures on the stand. President Adams, seizing the moment, turned to his host as the mighty cheer of the cardinal rooters thundered from the opposite stand, and pinned upon his breast a broad cardinal ribbon, the colors of the University of Wisconsin.

Doctor Harper made no objection, but turned quickly, and unobserved made his way to the entrance to the stand toward which a number of members of his faculty were approaching. Foremost was a bashful instructor who was extremely anxious to be popular, and so was a faithful attendant at the football games. Doctor Harper met him on the stairs with unwonted cordiality.

"Glad to see you, Doctor, but where are your colors?" said the President. "I insist upon you taking mine."

The young instructor was so excited and overcome by the warmth of his welcome that he imagined the roar of cheers he heard was meant for him. He undoubtedly would be promoted—perhaps to the head of his department. With a proud smile he sat down in the centre of the Chicago section; it was evident to him that his long-guarded discoveries in neurology had somehow become known. Every one was staring at him. Suddenly a strong hand was laid on his shoulder and a harsh voice said:

"See here, sir; what are you doing with that cardinal ribbon? What do you mean by coming here to flaunt Wisconsin colors in our faces?" It was the voice of an influential Trustee, and on all sides rose fierce young partisans who wanted an explanation or his blood.

Far back on the grandstand, near the Trustee's empty seat, William Rainey Harper laughed at his little joke until he scarcely had breath enough to join in a boisterous welcome to the team as it came running on to the field.

•

How Riley Submits His Poems

James Whitcomb Riley does not look much older than he did when he first became known to fame through his poems and lectures. He is of medium height, and is slight in build, and his face is clean-shaven. While he writes with extreme rapidity, he does not turn out a large amount of work. His ideas are carefully considered before the task of composition is begun, and after the poem is finished in the rough the poet copies it in a microscopic, copperplate hand, which in many instances is far more artistic than the types in which it afterward appears.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

A short time ago Mr. Riley wrote a long poem for a New York newspaper. It was ordered in advance, and was to be sent in upon a certain day. Now, most writers, especially poets, are dilatory. But the Hoosier bard is an exception to the rule. His poem arrived the day it was promised. It came by express in a formidable parcel. First were the outer wrappings of heavy brown paper, then some soft packing stuff, and beneath that the board covers within which was the manuscript, tied together with a small ribbon, and so neat that the editor was almost afraid to turn the leaves.

•

A Clothes-Pin that Cost Edison Ten Dollars

Possibly one of the secrets of Thomas A. Edison's success as an inventor is his forethought. The Wizard of Menlo Park does not believe in leaving anything undone that can be done to further his researches. An illustration may be cited in his wonderful curiosity shop. This shop is a high-ceilinged room, the walls of which are filled with shelves divided into pigeonholes and drawers. Here are kept and properly labeled all manner of materials used in laboratories and workshops. No mineralogist has a finer collection of specimens. As to woods, the Smithsonian Institution or the Metropolitan Museum of Natural History are not more complete. The collection, for instance, of bamboo fibre, used in the electric-light bulbs, comprises every specimen known to science.

THOMAS A. EDISON

Besides these, the shop contains everything that an inventor could possibly want, whether he were inventing a new dynamo or a hobby horse that would shy at bicycles, or devising a gigantic electrical reproduction of the Battle of Manila. Mr. Edison's idea in making the collection was to provide against any contingency that might arise.

"I want," he said, "to be prepared for any emergency. I don't want a million-dollar idea to go to waste while I am sending to town for ten cents' worth of material from the village store."

When the shop was stocked Mr. Edison thought he would test its completeness. Therefore he offered a prize of ten dollars to any of his assistants who should mention any material of possible use not contained in the collection. The prize was won by a bright young man after a hard day's work. And the missing article was a clothes-pin.

•

Stoddard's Little Jokes on the Poets

In his library the other day Richard Henry Stoddard was talking with some friends about men and days that are gone.

"I met John G. Saxe one morning about fifty years ago," said the poet. "It was in Broadway, and I was on my way to the custom house, where I was employed. Saxe was a big man, a giant of a man, bluff and hearty. He was in a particularly happy mood this day, and before we had gone far he gave me the reason.

"'My son,' he said, 'is doing better than I expected. He is making a great success.'

"'How?' I asked.

"'He has started a lumber yard up in Albany.'

"'All out of his own head?' I inquired.

"I don't believe that Saxe altogether liked my question, but I meant no harm."

Speaking of Saxe suggested other poets, and Mr. Stoddard asked whether any one could recall the conundrum once propounded concerning Fitz James O'Brien. O'Brien, by the way, was a thorough Bohemian. He lived up to his last cent, and seldom occupied the same rooms for any length of time. No one remembered the riddle.

"I'll tell you then," continued the poet. "I think it was Marshal who propounded it. It was, 'Why is O'Brien like the Almighty?' The answer was, 'Because he moves in a mysterious way.'"

•••

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Bishop Potter's Dread of Interviewers.—During the recent controversy regarding the ordination of Doctor Briggs, Bishop Potter remarked to a reporter: "I should think by this time the newspaper editors would learn that I do not confide my plans to the public press."

And they should have learned it if experience is worth anything. Bishop Potter, during his entire connection with the Episcopal Church, has never once been interviewed by a reporter. He is probably the only man of note in New York who absolutely refuses to talk for publication.

Once a reporter smuggled himself into the Bishop's office in the guise of a workman and learned the details of a plan which the Bishop desired to keep secret. He was discovered, however, and the next day the Bishop altered the scheme entirely.

Mrs. Howe as a Cuban Patriot.—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was one of the pioneers in the struggle for Cuban independence. She visited Cuba in 1857, and while there severely criticised the Spanish authorities for their methods. After her return she described her experience in a book entitled A Trip to Cuba, which was promptly prohibited from circulation in Spanish countries by the Spanish censor. So strong was the official feeling against the work that about two hundred Cubans who were found with the book in their possession were severely punished.

Since the late war this book has received a distinct boom, and the few copies in existence have become so popular that a Cuban publisher is considering the advisability of bringing out a new edition in Spanish.

Depew's Rule of Health.—Senator Chauncey M. Depew probably goes to more public dinners than any other American. He recently told the writer his secret of avoiding indigestion.

"I never drink more than one kind of wine," he said. "I smoke only two cigars. I don't eat sweets, and I confine myself to the plain dishes and eat sparingly of those. My breakfast is a boiled egg, a glass of hot water, some dry toast and a cup of tea."

Stevenson and the Beggar.—An American who visited the Stevensons at Samoa relates that the Samoans have a practice of begging. They boldly ask for whatever they may covet wherever it may be found. The novelist became tired of this practice, and therefore said one day to a Samoan friend who had acquired from him a necktie, handkerchief, and some other trinket, "Is there anything else you want?"

The Samoan made a hasty survey of the room.

"There is the piano," suggested Mr. Stevenson ironically.

"Yes," replied the native, "I know, but," he added apologetically, "I don't know how to play it."

THE WIG-WAG MESSAGE

By Morgan Robertson

AS EIGHT bells sounded, Captain Bacon and Mr. Knapp came up from breakfast, and Mr. Hansen, the squat and square-built Second Mate, immediately descended.

The deck was still wet from the morning washing-down, and forward, the watch-below were emerging from the forecastle to relieve the other half, who were coiling loosely over the top of the forward house a heavy wet hawser used, in towing out, the evening before. They were doing it properly, and as no present supervision was necessary, the First Mate remained on the poop for a few moments' further conversation with the Captain.

"Poor crew, Cap'n," he said, as, picking his teeth with the end of a match, he scanned the men forward. "It'll take me a month to lick 'em into shape."

To judge by his physique, a month was a generous limit for such an operation. He was a giant, with a giant's fist and foot, red-haired and bearded, and of sinister countenance. But he was no more formidable in appearance than his Captain, who was equally big, but smooth-shaven, and showing the square jaw and beetling brows of a born fighter.

"Are those last two awake yet?" asked the latter.

"Not at four o'clock, sir," answered the Mate. "Mr. Hansen couldn't get 'em out. I'll soon turn 'em to."

•

As he spoke, two men appeared from around the corner of the forward house and came aft. They were young men, between twenty-five and thirty, with intelligent, sun-burned faces. One was slight of figure, with the refinement of thought and study in his features; the other was heavier of mould, and muscular, but with that in his dark eyes which said plainly that he was wont to supplement the work of his hands with the work of his brain.

Both were dressed in the tar-stained and grimy rags of the merchant sailor at sea; and they walked the wet and unsteady deck with no absence of "sea-legs," climbed the poop steps to leeward—as was proper—and approached the Captain and First Mate at the weather-rail. The heavier man touched his cap, but the other merely inclined his head, and smiling frankly and fearlessly from one face to the other said in a pleasant, evenly modulated voice:

"Good-morning. I presume one of you is the Captain."

"I'm the Captain. What do you want?" was the gruff response.

"Captain, I believe that the etiquette of the merchant service requires that when a man is shanghaied on board an outward-bound ship he remains silent, does what is told him cheerfully, and submits to Fate until the passage ends, but we cannot bring ourselves to do so. We were struck down in a dark spot last night—sandbagged, I should say—and we do not know what happened since, though we must have been kept unconscious with chloroform or some drug. We woke up this morning in your forecastle, dressed in these clothes and robbed of everything we had with us."

"Where were you slugged?"

"In Cherry Street. The Bridge cars were not running, so we crossed from Brooklyn by the Catharine Ferry, and foolishly took a short-cut to the elevated station."

"Well, what of it?"

"What—why—why, Captain, that you will kindly put us aboard the first inbound craft we meet."

"Not much, I won't," answered the Captain decisively. "You belong to my crew. I paid for twenty men, and you two and two others skipped at the dock. I had to wait all day in the Horseshoe. You two were caught dead drunk last night, and came down with the tug. That's what the runners said, and that's all I know about it. Go forrard."

"Do you mean, Captain——"

"Go forrard where you belong. Mr. Knapp, set these men to work." Captain Bacon turned and walked away.

"Get off the poop," snarled the Mate. "Forrard wi' you."

"Captain, I advise you to reconsider——"

The words were stopped by a blow of the Mate's fist, and the speaker fell to the deck. Then a hoarse growl of horror and rage came from his companion, and Captain Bacon turned to see him dancing around the first officer with the skill and agility of a professional boxer and planting vicious blows on his hairy face and neck.

"Stop this!" roared the Captain as his right hand sought the pocket of his coat. "Stop it, I say. Mr. Hansen!" he called down the skylight. "On deck here!"

The huge Mate was getting the worst of the unexpected battle, and Captain Bacon approached cautiously. His right hand had come out of his pocket armed with large brass knuckles, but before he could use them his dazed and astonished first officer went down under the rain of blows. It was then, while the victor waited for him to rise, that the brass knuckles were impacted on his head, and he, too, went down, to lie quiet where he fell. The other young man had arisen by this time, somewhat shocked and unsteady in movement, and was coming bravely toward the Captain; but before he could reach him his arms were pinioned from behind by Mr. Hansen, who had run up the poop steps.

"What is dis, onnyway?" he asked. "Mudiny, I dink."

"Let go," said the other furiously. "You shall suffer for this, you scoundrels! Let go of my arms!" He struggled wildly; but Mr. Hansen was strong.

Mr. Knapp had regained his feet and a few of his faculties. His conqueror was senseless on the deck, but the other mutineer was still active in rebellion.

So, while the approving Captain looked on in brass-knuckled dignity, he sprang forward and struck, with strength born of rage and humiliation, again and again at the man helpless in the arms of Mr. Hansen, until he struggled no more. Then Mr. Hansen dropped him.

"Lay aft here, a couple o' hands," thundered the Captain from the break of the poop, and two awe-struck men obeyed him. The whole crew had watched the fracas from forward; but no hand or voice had been raised in protest.

•

One at a time they carried the unconscious men to the forecastle; then the crew mustered aft at another thundering summons, and listened to a forceful speech by Captain Bacon, delivered in quick, incisive epigrams, to the effect that if a man aboard his ship, whether he believed himself shipped or shanghaied, a sailor, a priest, a policeman or a dry nurse, showed the slightest hesitation at obeying orders, or the slightest resentment at what was said to him, he should be punished with fists, brass knuckles, belaying-pins or handspikes—the officers were here for that—and if he persisted he should be shot like a mad dog. They could go forward.

They went, and while the watch on deck, under the supervision of the Second Mate, finished coiling down the towline, the watch below finished breakfast, and when the stricken ones had recovered consciousness, advised them unsympathetically to submit and make the best of it until the ship reached Hongkong, where they could all "jump her."

"For if ye don't," concluded an Irishman, "I take it ye'll die, an' take some wan o' us wid ye; fur this is an American ship, where the Mates are hired fur the bigness o' their fists an' the hardness o' their hearts. Look pleasant, now, the pair o' ye, an' wan o' ye take this hash-kid back to the galley."

The larger of the two victims sprang to his feet. He was stained and disfigured from the effects of the brass knuckles.

"Say, Irish," he said angrily, "do you know who you're talking to? Looks as though you don't. I'm used to all sorts o' guff from all sorts o' men, but Mr. Breen here——"

"Wait, Johnson," interrupted the other; "it's of no account now. This man's advice is sound. No one would believe us, and we can prove nothing. We are thoroughly helpless, and must submit until we reach a consular port—or till something happens. Now, men," he said to the others, "my name is Breen. Call me by it. You, too, Johnson. I yield to the inevitable, and shall do my share of the work as well as I can."

"But I'll tell you one thing to start with," said Johnson, glaring around the forecastle; "we'll take turns at bringing grub and cleanin' up the forecastle; another thing—I've sailed in these wind-jammers enough to know my work; and that's more than you fellows know, by the look o' you. I don't want your instructions; but Mr. Breen here—Breen, I mean—has forgotten what you and I will never learn, though he might not be used to pullin' ropes and swabbin' paint-work. If I find one o' you pesterin' him, or puttin' up any jobs, I'll break that man's head; understand me? Any one want to put this thing to the test now?"

•

He scanned each man's face in turn; but none showed an inclination to respond. They had seen him fight the big First Mate.

"There's not the makin' o' a whole man among you," he resumed. "You stand still while three men do up two, when, if you had any nerve, Breen might be aft, 'stead o' eatin' cracker-hash with a lot o' dock-rats and beach-combers. He's had better playmates; so've I, for that matter, o' late years."

"Johnson, keep still," said the other. "It doesn't matter what we have had, who we were, or might be. We're before the mast, bound for Hong Kong. We may find a Consul at Anjer. Meanwhile, I'm Breen, and you are Johnson, and it is no one's business what we have been."

"Very good, sir."

"No; not 'sir.' Keep that for superiors."

Johnson grumbled a little; then Mr. Hansen's round Swedish face appeared at the door.

"Hi, you, in dere—you big feller. You come out. You belong in der utter watch. You hear? You come out on deck," he called.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Johnson, rising sullenly.

"All the better, Johnson," whispered Breen. "One can keep a lookout all the time. Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut."

So, for these two men the work of the voyage began. The hard-headed, aggressive Johnson, placed in the Mate's watch, had no trouble in finding his place and keeping it—at the top of the class. He ruled the assorted types of all nations who worked and slept with him by sound logic backed with a strong arm and hard fist, never trying to conceal his contempt for them.

"You mixed nest o' mongrels," he would say, at the end of some petty squabble which he had settled for them, "why don't you stay in your own country's ships? or, if you must sign in American craft, try to feel and act like Americans? It's just this same yawping at one another in the forecastles that makes it easy for the buckoes aft to hunt you. And that's why you get your berths; no skipper'll ship an American sailor while there's a Dutchman left in the shippin' office. He wouldn't think it safe to go to sea with too many American sailors forward to call him down and make him treat 'em decent. He picks a Dago here, and a Dutchman there, and all the Sou'wegians he sees, and fills in with the rakin's and scrapin's o' Bedlam and Newgate, knowin' they'll hate each other worse than they hate him, and never stand together."

•

But Breen, in the Second Mate's watch, had trouble with his fellows at first. They could not understand his quiet, gentlemanly demeanor, mistaking it for fear of them.

Though he showed a theoretical knowledge of ships and the sea superior to any they had met with, he was not their equal in the practical work of a sailor. He was awkward at pulling ropes with others, placing his hands in the wrong place, and mixing them up in what must be a concerted pull to be effective. His hand, unused to manual labor, became blistered, and he often, unconsciously, perhaps, held back from a task, to save himself from pain. He was an indifferent helmsman, and in a blow off Hatteras was sent from the wheel in disgrace. He did not know the ropes, and made sad mistakes until he had mastered the lesson. He could box the compass, in his own way—for instance, the quarter-points between north-northeast and northeast by north he persisted in naming from the first of these points instead of from the other, as was seamanlike and proper, and the same with the corresponding sectors in the other quadrants.

There was method in his motions

Once, at the wheel, when the ship was heading southeast by south half south, he had been asked the course and answered: "South-southeast half east, sir." For this he was profanely admonished by the Captain and ridiculed by the men.

Johnson had made the same mistake, but corrected himself in time, and nothing was said about it; but Breen was bullied and badgered in the watch below—the lubberly nomenclature becoming a by-word of derision and contempt—until, patience leaving him, he doubled his sore fingers into fists one dogwatch, and thrashed the Irishman—his most unforgiving critic—so quickly, thoroughly and scientifically that persecution ceased.

But the Captain and Mates were not won over. Practical Johnson, an able seaman from crown to toe, knew how to avoid or to forestall their abuse. Breen could not. The very presence of such a man as he before the mast was a continuous menace, and an insult to their artificial superiority, and they assailed him at each mistake with volleys of Billingsgate that brought a flush to his fine face and tears to his eyes; and later a deadly paleness that would have been a warning to tyrants of better discrimination.

•

Once again while being rebuked in this manner his self-control left him. With blazing eyes and white face he darted at Mr. Knapp, and had almost repeated Johnson's feat on the poop when an iron belaying-pin in the hands of the Captain descended upon him and broke his left arm.

Johnson skillfully set the broken bone and made a sling; then by tactful wheedling of the Steward secured certain necessities from the medicine-chest, with hot water from the galley; but open assistance was refused by the Captain. Breen, scarcely able to move, held to his bunk for a few days, and then, the first mild skirts of the tradewind being reached, the Mate drove him to the wheel, to steer one-handed through the day, while all hands (in the afternoon) worked in the

—to steer one-handed through the day

rigging. Then the trade wind freshened, and his strength was not equal to the task set for it.

With the men all aloft and the two Mates forward, the ship nearly broached-to one day, and only the opportune arrival of Captain Bacon on deck saved the spars. He seized the wheel, ground it up, and the ship payed off; then a whole man was called to relieve him, and the incompetent helmsman was promptly punished.

Johnson had been aloft, but there was murder in his dark eyes when he came down at supper time. Yet he knew its futility, and while bandaging the arm earnestly explained, as Breen's groans would allow, that if he killed one the other two would kill him, and nothing would be gained.

"For they've brass knuckles in their pockets, sir," he said, "and pistols under their pillows. We haven't even sheath-knives, and the crew wouldn't help."

But they found work which the crippled man could do after a short "lying-up." With the Steward's washboard he could wash the Captain's soiled linen, which the Steward would afterward wring out and hang up. Breen refused at first, but was duly persuaded and went to work—in the lee scuppers amidships. Johnson made a détour on his way to the main rigging and muttered: "Say the word, sir, and I'll chance it. No jury'd convict."

"No, no; go aloft, Johnson. I'm all right," answered Breen, as he bent over the distasteful task.

Johnson climbed the rigging to the main royal yard, which he was to scrape for re-oiling, and had no sooner reached it than he sang out:

"Sail, oh—dead ahead, sir. Looks like an armored cruiser o' the first class."

"Armored cruiser o' the first class," muttered the Captain, as he carried his binoculars to the weather rail and looked ahead. "More'n I can make out with the glasses."

If three funnels, two masts, two bridges and two sets of fighting-tops indicate an armored cruiser of the first class, Johnson was right. These the oncoming craft showed plainly, even at seven miles' distance.

Fifteen minutes later she was storming by a half mile to windward, a beautiful picture, long and white, with an incurving ram bow, with buff-colored turrets and superstructure, and black guns bristling from all parts of her. The Stars and Stripes flew from the flag-staff at the stern, white-clad men swarmed about her decks, and one of them, close to a group of officers, was waving by its staff a small red-and-white flag.

•

Captain Bacon brought out the American ensign and with his own hands hoisted it to the monkey-gaff on the mizzen, dipped it three times in respectful salute, and left it at the gaff end. Then he looked at the cruiser, as every man on board was doing, except the man washing clothes in the lee scuppers. His business was to wash clothes, not to cross a broad deck and climb a high rail to look at passing craft; but as he washed away he looked furtively aloft, with eyes that sparkled, at the man on the main royal yard.

Johnson was standing erect on the small spar, holding on with his left hand to the royal pole—certainly the most conspicuous detail of the whole ship to the eyes of those on board the cruiser—and with his right hand he was waving his cap, to the right and left, and up and down. There was method in his motions, for when he would cease the red-and-white flag on the cruiser's bridge would answer—waving to the right and left and up and down.

Suddenly a secondary gun spoke from a midship sponson, and Captain Bacon exclaimed enthusiastically: "Salutin' the flag!" and again dipped his ensign. Then after an interval, during which it became apparent that the cruiser had altered her course to cross the ship's stern, there was seen another tongue of flame and cloud of smoke, and something seemed to rush through the air ahead of the ship. But it was a splash of water far off on the lee bow which really told them the gun was shotted.

At the same time a string of small flags arose to the signal-yard, and when Captain Bacon had found this combination in his code-book, he read with amazement: "Heave to or take the consequences." By this time the cruiser was squarely across his wake, rounding to for an interview.

"Heave to or take the consequences!" he exclaimed. "And he's firin' on us. Down from aloft, all hands," he roared upward; then he seized the answering pennant from the flag locker and displayed it from the rail.

"Man both main clew garnets, some o' you," yelled the Captain. "Clew up. Weather main braces, the rest o' you. Slack away to looward. Round wi' the yards, you farmers—round wi' 'em. Down wi' the wheel, there. Bring her up three points and hold her. What'd he fire on me for?"

•

In five minutes from the time of the second gun the yards were backed, and with weather leaches trembling the ship lay "hove to," drifting bodily to leeward. The cruiser had stopped her headway and a boat had left her side. There were ten men at the oars, a coxswain at the yoke ropes, and with him in the stern sheets a young man in an Ensign's uniform, who lifted his voice as the boat neared the lee quarter and shouted: "Rig a side-ladder aboard that ship!"

He was hardly more than a boy, but he was obeyed. Not only the side-ladder, but the gangway-steps were rigged, and leaving the coxswain and bow oarsman to care for the boat, the young officer climbed aboard, followed by the rest—nine muscular man-o'-war's-men—each armed with cutlass and pistol; one of whom carried a handbag, another a bundle.

Captain Bacon, as became his position, remained upon the poop to receive his visitor, while the two Mates stood at the main fife rail, and the ship's crew clustered forward. Johnson, alert and attentive, stood a little in the van, and the man in the lee scuppers still washed clothes.

"What's the matter, young man," said the Captain from the break of the poop, with as much of dignity as his recent agitation would permit. "Why do you stop my ship on the high seas and board her with an armed boat's crew?"

"You have an officer and seaman of the Navy on board this ship," answered the Ensign, who had been looking about irresolutely. "Produce them at once, if you please."

"What—what——" stuttered the Captain, descending the poop-steps; but before more was said there was a sound from forward as of something hard striking something heavy, and they looked to see Captain Bacon's bucket of clothes sailing dingonally over the lee rail, scattering a fountain of soapy water as it whirled, his late laundryman coming toward them with head erect, and Johnson, limping slightly, making for the crowd of bluejackets at the gangway. With these he fraternized at once, telling them things in a low voice, while the two Mates at the fife rail eyed him reprovingly, but did not interrupt. Breen advanced to the Ensign and said:

"I am Lieutenant Breen. Did you bring the clothing? This is an extremely fortunate meeting for me; but I can thank you—you and your brother officers—much more gracefully aboard the cruiser."

The officer took the extended hand gingerly, with suspicion in his eyes, for there was nothing in the appearance of the haggard, ragged wreck before him to indicate the naval officer.

"There is some mistake," he said coldly. "I am well acquainted with Lieutenant Breen; you are certainly not he."

•

Breen's face flushed hotly, but before he could reply the Captain broke in.

"Some mistake, hey," said he derisively. "I guess there is—another mistake—another bluff that don't go. Get out o' here—and I tell you now, blast yer hide, that if you make me any more trouble 'board my ship yer liable to go over the side feet first with a shackle to yer heels. And you, young man," he stormed, turning to the Ensign, "you look around, if you like. There's my crew. All the Navy officers you find you can have, and welcome to 'em."

He turned his back, stamped a few paces along the deck, and returned, working himself into a fury. Breen had not moved, but with a slight sparkle in his eyes said to the young officer:

"I think, sir, that if you take the trouble to investigate, you will be satisfied. There are two Breens in the Navy. You know one, evidently; I am the other. Lieutenant William Breen is on shore duty at Washington, I think. Lieutenant John Breen, lately in command of the Wainwright, with his signalman Thomas Johnson, are shanghaied on board this ship. There is Johnson, talking to your men."

The young man's face changed, and his hand went to his cap in salute; but the mischief was done. Captain Bacon's indignation was at bursting pressure, and his mind in no condition to respond readily to new impressions. He was Captain of the ship, and grossly affronted. Johnson, noting his purple face, wisely reached for a topsail-brace belaying-pin, and stepped toward him; for the Captain now towered over Breen.

"Didn't I tell you to go forrard?" he roared, drawing back his powerful fist. Breen stood his ground; the officer raised his hand and half drew his sword, while the bluejackets sprang forward; but it was Johnson's belaying-pin which stopped that mighty fist in mid-passage.

It struck the brawny forearm just above the wrist with a crashing sound. Captain Bacon almost fell, but recovered his balance, and, holding the broken bones together, staggered toward the booby-hatch for support. Mr. Knapp and Mr. Hansen started forward.

"You keep back there—you two," yelled Johnson excitedly. "Stand by her, mates. These buckoes'll kill some one yet. Look out for their brass knuckles and guns." And the two officers halted. They had no desire to assert themselves before nine scowling, armed men, an angry and aggressive mutineer with a belaying-pin, and a rather confused but wakening young officer with drawn sword. Johnson backed toward the latter.

"Don't you know me, Mr. Bronson?" he asked; "Tom Johnson, cox'n o' the gig on your practice cruise? 'Member me, sir? This is Lieutenant Breen—take my word, sir."

•

"Yes, yes, I understand," said the Ensign with a face redder than Breen's had been. "I really beg your pardon, Mr. Breen. It was inexcusable in me, I know, but——"

Breen smiled and interrupted with a gesture.

"No time for explanations, Mr. Bronson," said he kindly. "Did you bring the clothes? Thoughtful of Johnson to ask for them, wasn't it? It really would be embarrassing to join your ship in this rig. In the grip and bundle? All right. Form your men across the deck, please, forward of the cabin. Keep these brutes away from us while we change. Come, Johnson."

Taking the hand-bag and the bundle, they brazenly entered the cabin by the forward door. In ten minutes they emerged, Johnson clad in the blue rig of a man-o'-war's-man, Breen in the undress uniform of an officer. As they stepped toward the gangway, Captain Bacon, pale and perspiring, entered the cabin and passed out of their lives. The Steward followed at his heels, and the two Mates, with curiously working faces, approached Breen. "'Xcuse me, sir," said Mr. Knapp, "but I want to say that I had no notion o' this at all; and I hope you won't make no trouble for me ashore." Breen, one foot on the steps while he waited for the blue-jackets to file over the side, eyed him thoughtfully.

"No," he said slowly. "I hardly think, Mr. Knapp, that I shall exert myself to make trouble for you personally—or for the other two. There is a measure now before Congress, which, if it passes, will legislate brutes like you and your Captain off the American quarter-deck by the educational qualifications contained in its scope. This, and a consideration for your owners, is what permits you to continue this voyage, instead of going back to the United States in irons. But if I had the power," he added, looking at the beautiful flag still flying at the gaff, "I would lower that ensign, and forbid you to hoist it. It is the flag of a free country, and should not float over slave ships."

•

He mounted the steps, and, assisted by the young officer and Johnson, descended to the boat; but before Johnson went down he peeped over the rail at the two Mates, grinning luridly.

"And I'll promise you," he said, "that I'm always willing to make trouble for you, ashore or afloat, and I wish I had a little more time for it now. And you can tell your skipper, if you like, in case he don't know it, that he got smashed with the same club that he used on Mr. Breen, and I'm only sorry I didn't bring it down on his head. So long, you bloody-minded slave-drivers. See you again some day."

He descended, and Mr. Knapp gave the order to brace the yards.

"Give a good deal," he mused, as the men manned the braces, "to know just how they got news to that cruiser. Homeward bound from Hongkong—three months out. Couldn't ha' been sent after us."

But he never learned.

"DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO GO FORRARD?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

June 10, 1899

$2.50 per Year by Subscription

5 Cents a Copy at all Newsdealers'

The Power of Purpose in Life

THERE is no true manhood without a high purpose. Purpose is moral concentration. It is the rudder of the individual life. Purpose means having an object in life, a definite goal to attain. It is not confined to an exalted ambition, towering into the clouds of the unattainable,—it means the conscious directing each individual should give to his life.

The mother in her home can have this purpose within the four walls of her home,—it may find its finest fulfillment there. It may be the consecration of her energies to the genuine, careful training of her children, watching more closely their individual needs. But it is purpose. It is not "letting things work themselves out." Oneness of purpose can accomplish almost anything it seeks to do, because every ray of mental energy and spiritual vitality is concentrated. The sun's rays can be focused through a lens of ice and made to melt steel, while the ice itself is unmelted.

Most of the failures in life come from wasted energies, from scattering one's forces over many subjects, from a vain attempt at versatility. Men of merely ordinary ability have made brilliant successes, while men of brilliant mind have made ordinary failures. Well-tilled gardens pay better than poorly managed farms.

It was the well-aimed firing of the American gunners that won our war with Spain. Every shot had a definite purpose. Lord Wolseley's advice to young soldiers was: "If you want to get on, you must try to get shot." It means keeping in the thick of the fight, daring and doing with the whole mind focused on the thought of victory.

Young men starting out on life should have a definite purpose. There is stimulus, strength and companionship in a great purpose. It makes failures but mere incidents on the march. There is a wondrous unifying of energy that comes from the determination to reach a point set far in advance. Every day is then lived in harmony with that purpose. Each successive day shows new progress, slight though it be; new conquest of obstacle, new strengthening of habit, new miracles of turning the water of weakness into the wine of power. Then the weeks become white milestones on the road to realization. All Nature stands aside,—for the man of a mighty purpose. When hope dies and purpose fades away into nothingness,—man begins to drift. There is danger that he may become a human derelict,—like an abandoned ship, with no crew, no cargo, no compass, no known port of destination.

Let us ask ourselves the questions: "What is my purpose? What am I living for? Is it worth living for? Is it as high an aim as I should have? What should I sacrifice to attain it?" This purpose should not be mere success in the world,—that, in itself, is not enough for a true purpose. "What do you intend to do with your success? What will you do for the world with your enlarged opportunities?" The supreme test of a great purpose, the final test, is not "What can I get?" but "What can I give?" Christ reached Calvary, but He gave,—Salvation.

—WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

• • •

No one should any longer complain of Americans spending money in Europe. The trade balances show that it is badly needed over there, and we have a few pennies left at home.

• • •

The Uppermost Success

THE rustic philosopher who said, "'Em 'at has, gits, an' 'em 'at keeps, has; an' 'em 'at gits an' keeps, is rich folks," took the natural view of what success means, especially financial success; but the wise man's understanding of riches is that money, no matter in how great quantity, is not of itself riches.

To be truly wealthy, even in the most sordid sense, one must have what money can buy. The enlightened nature of man has two distinct aspirations; one purely spiritual, the other purely temporal and sensuous. A happy man should be he who has the means and knows how to satisfy to the greatest extent, within the bounds of health, these natural aspirations. In a word, plenty of money and a wise judgment in spending it should bring man his best worldly happiness, or rather the best smiles of worldly fortune.

We may define success as the fulfillment of one's aims, but there is a greater success in making a fortunate choice of aims. "Plain living and high thinking" may induce the worst form of atonic dyspepsia. Said a famous physician of a feeble and wasted woman whose charities were legion: "She is dying of intemperance in the use of her soul." She had been successful—that is, she had aimed to do the greatest amount of charitable work in the shortest possible time, and had accomplished her purpose. Sentiment outran wisdom, and death cut short a valuable life. Her success was the most deplorable of failures.

Men probably use their souls with far greater economy than women; or it may be that men have less soul-substance to trouble them withal; but the intemperance of effort which commonly goes by the name of overwork, and brings, in so many instances, the success that kills, is by no means exclusively a feminine besetment. Men, nowadays, seem to aim at the pace that wrecks both the soul and the physique, even when their greater purpose is one of purely unselfish outcome. They disregard personal consequences in their loyalty to aspiration, whether the aspiration be noble or ignoble, the only proviso being the swiftest sweep to the largest accomplishment.

The success of happiness, which from immemorial times has been what man is supposed to crave unceasingly, doubtless has its sound connection with money; for the root of all evil is, in our modern economy, also the bulb of all worldly prosperity and the source of our ability to do a very large part of that which we would have others do unto us. Success in gathering gives a sackful to sow, and the sowing is the real happiness; by it we root ourselves in the everlasting soil; the generations to come send back to us the comfort of their prosperity. No miser has ever known success; his hoard has been a torture to him; the wise and righteous spendthrift is the successful man.

What do you want riches for? In analyzing your aspiration you will establish your true value. Is it yachts, private cars, feasting and revelry, gorgeous equipments, regal wardrobes—the gorging of self, a plethora of indulgences? Would that be success? Certainly, if you hit your target; but like the atonic dyspepsia induced by over-thinking and under-feeding, your attainment falls far short of either physical or moral happiness.

"Work to get and get to spend" is a good maxim for a healthy mind. Circulation is the highest function of money; but it is a function of righteousness to choose the channels of circulation. How shall I spend my money, not how shall I hoard it, is the great consideration making for happiness.

The rich man, the man of many millions, has inexhaustible fountains of pure delight at his command. What a joy to him when he sees a little of his money, a few hundreds or a few thousands, sprinkle less fortunate lives than his with a refreshing dew of encouragement! Here is success well worth aiming at. Sowing wisely what one has reaped and threshed—taking happiness by giving joy.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

• • •

Most of the country's wealth is in the farms, but, so far, a farmers' trust has not threatened the millennium.

• • •

The Modern War Hero

THE cases of Hobson and Coghlan reveal to us the embarrassments of heroes in these days of searchlight civilization. Long ago it was discovered that no man is a hero to his valet; in these times of telegraphs, telephones and, above all, of enterprising journalism, the whole world becomes a hero's valet, and his every deed or utterance is accounted or reproduced. Woe be to him if, having sunk a blockading vessel under the enemy's guns, he show levity or indiscreetness in responding to the enthusiastic salutations of his feminine admirers, or if, having commanded the ship that fired the first gun at Manila, he shall recite at a banquet given in his honor! His heroism then becomes the very instrument to emblazon his indiscretion to the world.

Before Admiral Dewey arrives it may be well to call to the attention of a nation utterly inexperienced in the matter of war heroes under latter-day conditions the fact that the man of ideal symmetry of character is scarcely to be expected. The qualities which make for greatness under some conditions make for something distinctly different under others. A man who is reckless of his life when leading a desperate charge against the enemy may quite consistently be careless of the meaningless meanings of diplomacy. The commander who intrepidly leads his fleet through a hostile harbor sown with mines may, without a violation of logic, be equally regardless of bombs hidden by his political enemies.

The era of fact is upon us. Science is holding up to us a mirror from which nearly every possibility of dimness or distortion has been removed, and we are meeting ourselves face to face. The result is often bewildering. It is hard to remove from the mind the spurious impressions which it has held so long—it shocks us to see the rose-tinted shadow pictures vanish to give place to the cold outlines of a photograph.

Under these conditions our judgment often lags behind our perception and we see the truth before we are capable of adjusting ourselves to it. It is so in the case of the hero, who, notwithstanding our recognition of the fact that he is of the earth, and therefore cannot possess a heavenly consistency, we still insist shall square his general conduct with his most heroic accomplishment and be as magnificent in the parlor as on the quarter-deck.

The small faults of our heroes should not be permitted to detract from the glory of their great deeds. Heroism once recorded becomes immutable. Even the hero himself cannot obliterate it. Nothing that Hobson could do would efface from history that dark night in Santiago harbor—the creeping of the Merrimac into the channel, the crash and flame of the explosion, and the sublime courage which looked death fairly in the face and smiled.

When we shall become accustomed to our new view of the realities we will cease to set off against such noble deeds the trivial errors of the men by whom they were accomplished and will permit no discordant note to mingle in our acclaim.

—FRED NYE.

• • •

It may become necessary to extend the benefits of the Pension Act to those who have to read all the books on the War with Spain.

• • •

Long Hair and Literature

THE relation between long hair and literature is traditional rather than actual. Once upon a time all artists were supposed to wear velvet coats. Only artists in plays on the stage now make themselves conspicuous in that fashion. Writers have also generally revised their method of dress, and long hair nowadays is no more a badge of the literary profession than it is a sign of genius.

It is quite true, however, that some writers do wear hair longer than that of the ordinary men who do the serious and commonplace work of the world. There is an unfair suspicion on the part of the public—a suspicion that is shared pretty generally by the great majority of writers themselves—that the poets, essayists and novelists who wear their locks below their collars and reaching to their shoulders are a bit affected, and are posing so as to attract attention. This I believe to be an assumption that is both unfair and unkind.

A writer, especially a poet, is usually a man out of the ordinary—an abnormality. If he were only ordinary and commonplace he would not write—he would have better sense, and employ his energies and his talents in ways more profitable and comfortable. If he were normal he would not express himself in verse, but say what was in him in the ordinary forms of speech and writing. Being abnormal, he chooses a different medium and makes the songs for the world.

The poet—and other writers, for that matter—is always seeking to express himself in the way that is most pleasing to him. Now dress and the way of wearing the hair are both methods of personal expression. The abnormal man who does his serious work in an abnormal way naturally inclines toward strangeness of costume and the other things that go along with it. What wonder that he should wear long hair? The wonder is that more of them do not wear it.

Mr. Howells tells us that the age of poetry is past—that little good poetry is written, and that even the approved poetry in our literature is little read. Maybe this accounts for the fact that few of the literary men at this time neglect to patronize the barbers. I believe, however, that there is another reason and a better. Literature now is more of a business than it ever was. Not only more men live by it than ever before, but those who live best recognize more thoroughly than the others the commercial aspects of their occupation. They are, therefore, business men after all; and business men long ago gave up the wearing of long hair.

It is not fair, however, to say that because a literary man wears his hair long that he is trying to attract attention to his small abilities. He does it no doubt in the same way that a player on the bass viol gets fat—because he cannot help it.

—JNO. GILMER SPICER.

• • •

With Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines, and with the canal across the Isthmus gaining in favor, the Pacific Coast is reaching its destiny, and San Francisco may soon be patronizing New York.

• • •

The Reading Habit

"READING maketh a full man," said Lord Bacon. A full man even of literary pabulum, unless the processes of mental digestion are carried forward with a wholesome speed and capacity thoroughly to sift the waste from the nourishment, is in an unhealthy state of plethora. With the ever-increasing output of books and magazines, few of us who try to read at all escape entirely from occasional attacks of intellectual indigestion. Mere bookishness is a complaint that too easily overtakes us, and it is a form of anæsthesia that the victim finds hard to shake off. The worst of it is that there is a sort of tacit consent upon the part of the public at large to look upon the reading man or woman as a kind of superior person, or at least potentially such.

Reading is a good habit to acquire, beyond a doubt, and no one will deny its great value as a means of development and knowledge. With the young it can be made the way toward some worthy ambition and a right appreciation of many things the parent or teacher finds it difficult to instil by word of mouth. There is, however, always the danger in indiscriminate reading, or in reading for its own sake, of robbing the mind of its natural individual motive, and of inducing a state of complete mental dependence upon the written thoughts of others.

Life is not to be lived in books alone. Even with one's best applications the printed page lacks a certain convincing reality—that is, a "literary" glamour that casts a haze over the words we read. We are prone to dramatize the book read in more or less abstract terms.

•

It is by actual and alert contact with life itself that we really learn to make our sensations and experiences a vital part of the thing we generalize as character. We must first learn to think—a most difficult accomplishment—and then our reading will become, as it should be, illuminative and stimulating to further exercise of our own faculties. Few of us are not all too well acquainted with certain human phonographs who carry about with them an air of being "bookish," and who are ready upon the slightest encouragement to turn on their current of words reflecting the very newest things in literary gossip. The fact is, we are too easily led by the factitious authority of mere type. "A book's a book, although there's nothing in it," was Byron's cynical way of putting it.

In the world of books, as in life, one must grope his way largely in the dark to find the things that he most needs, but with the difference that certain books have been proved by time and are known, tangible quantities. Read the things you like is a ready prescription, but it is so easy to like the things that are easy and that appeal to our natural mental indolence.

The "solid books" are not half as repellent as that very material word sounds, and some of the pleasantest surprises that come to readers are in the form of books that they have been taught to fear as being too deep for them. There is a pleasing sense of intellectual pride derived from finding that you can really enjoy the "hard" book.

What form one's reading should take is not a matter for arbitrary judgment, but good taste is not a gift, but a growth, and a little wise direction is of everlasting value. Read out of yourself or above yourself might be a good way to suggest the sort of reading that is worth while. Comparatively few of us have many opportunities of getting very far away from our customary environment, and the world would be narrow indeed were it not for the means of broadening our outlook by the help of the things others have seen and thought.

—JAMES B. CARRINGTON.

• • •

Women claim that the very fact that they have no vote in public elections increases the value of their citizenship. It enables them to look at government, especially local government, with pure disinterestedness undimmed by any future ambitions to become candidates for office. So a dirty street impresses them more than a well-swept party platform; bad sanitation more than pledges of political purity; an act of public improvement more than a procession of men declaring that they are "the people." There is a great deal in this, and the women by working on home principles are gradually teaching the politicians that they must be judged by what they do, and not by what they proclaim.

American Kings and their Kingdoms

Cyrus H. McCormick

The Reaper King

By EDWARD G. WESTLAKE

AS LONG as grain waves and grass grows the name of Cyrus H. McCormick will be remembered, for thoughtful political economists have said that Mr. McCormick's inventions have doubled the value of tillable ground in every civilized country of the globe, and have reduced famine to a remote possibility in all lands that have heard the harsh song of the modern harvester.

Cyrus Hall McCormick, the inventor of the first successful reaper, made a fortune of millions, which he left to his children. Since 1884 the son has been the head of the establishment.

The essential features of the first successful reaper, tried by the late Mr. McCormick on a farm near Steele's Tavern, Virginia, in 1831, have never been departed from. The inventor used in his original machine the serrated, sliding blade, operating in fingers or supports to the grain being cut. No subsequent inventor has improved this mechanism. The platform conceived by Cyrus H. McCormick for receiving the cut grain deposited thereon by the reel, and from which it is raked to the side in gavels, ready to bind, remains the same in principle to-day. The mechanical mind of the Virginia planter's son saw the need of a divider to separate the grain to be cut from that left standing, and the progress of years has paid tribute to his power of discernment.

The son of the inventor is a plain man, democratic and approachable. "This business was given to me to increase by following out the lines laid down by my father," he says. "I did nothing toward making it. My father contributed the reaper to the great trinity of the century's achievements. His invention pioneered the way for both the railroad and the steamship, and then made them profitable as carriers of grain. I revere, with the world, the memory of his name."

•

FIFTY-SEVEN ACRES OF SHOPS

The McCormick workshop embraces fifty-seven acres of Chicago land. In the same city the father set up his factory in 1847, and established the first works devoted exclusively to the making of harvester machines. By 1850 the annual output had reached 1500 reapers. A quarter of a century later the greatly enlarged works had an annual capacity of 12,000 machines. To-day 1200 machines are turned out daily. This means over one million pounds of finished product sent out of the works every workday. Ninety freight cars daily are required to transport this output.

Two private switch-engines puff and snort on five miles of McCormick track, making up the freight trains for the various railroads. Cars with machines for Buenos Ayres leave the works simultaneously with a consignment for Melbourne. In the same train may be reapers for Asia, Africa, Australia and the British colonies.

Everything is conducted on an impressive scale in the domain. Blunt-bowed, ugly lumber schooners annually bring 20,000,000 feet of pine lumber to the McCormick docks to be used exclusively in boxing and crating. Very little wood enters into the mechanism of the harvester, but a small forest is annually consumed in making poles or tongues for drawing these machines.

Mr. McCormick has to husband the space of his seventy acres of floors. To this end architects planned the foundry for the fifth and sixth floors of a staunch building, and allotted eight acres to the moulders of metal. Each day 200 tons of gray iron are made into castings. No other foundry in the land turns out such an enormous supply of finished pieces. The pig iron melted in this department is brought mainly from the Alabama and Illinois furnaces.

CYRUS H. McCORMICK

•

MAKING BOLTS BY THE MILLION

Of the making of bolts there is scarcely an end. Fifty millions of them are consumed annually in the construction of McCormick reapers. A master mechanic was encouraged to apply his inventive faculties to producing an automatic bolt-threader and nut-tapper. He succeeded, and to-day the only machine in the world that will receive blank bolts and nuts in a hopper and eject them ready for use, the bolts threaded and the nuts tapped, is here operated.

Eight hundred thousand yards of cotton duck, enough to provide all the schooners of the Great Lakes with sails, are used annually in making "aprons" for the harvesters. It is said by those who have studied the matter that the consumption of iron and steel by this reaper plant is greater than that of any manufactory in America. Four thousand tons of sheet steel are received at the works each year and used in the finished products. Enough wire to fence the Island of Cuba is consumed every twelve months in the manufacture of the 2,000,000 springs which form important features of the harvester, adjusted to do its work despite all sorts of topographical difficulties. To provide the harvesters with reciprocating cutters, over 8,500,000 sections of knives and sickles are made every year by the workmen. The quarries of the Lake Huron district are heavily drawn upon for grindstones to be used in sharpening the cutting edges. Employees annually grind away 1000 tons of these stones in preparing the knives for the harvesters.

•

A CHAPTER OF WONDERFUL FIGURES

The yearly consumption of linseed oil at the big plant is 600,000 gallons. Eight hundred tons of white lead are ground in the paint shop every twelve months. One thousand barrels of varnish are annually consumed in providing the finished product of the works with its fancy dress.

Another chapter dealing in the gigantic is unfolded by the data furnished by the advertising department. This enterprise publishes a paper which is circulated gratuitously in the agricultural districts, and the printer receives orders to put it out in editions of 500,000 copies. Catalogues descriptive of the productions of the works are printed in all the modern languages of the world at the rate of 2,000,000 annually. Of these, 1,500,000 are in English. To catch the eye of the farmer, the reaper advertisement is published 1,600,000 times in various newspapers and periodicals of the world every 365 days.

Annual expenditures for improvements at the reaper shops aggregate large amounts. Engines of 6000 horse power and boilers capable of developing 10,000 horse power have been contracted for installation this year.

The McCormick interests are represented in the markets of the world by 1600 salaried salesmen. In the United States alone 10,000 local agents distribute the product of the works to the farmers besides, and there are also 2500 agents in foreign countries.

The man who controls this enormous industry is forty years old, tall and stalwart in build, his step has all the elasticity and spring of his sturdy grandfather of Scotch Irish lineage, who settled in Virginia and founded the American branch of the family. Intimate friends say that Mr. McCormick is working too hard, but he says: "I put in about all the working-hours there are at my business, and I do not call it a hardship."

•

A HARD WORKER WHO LOVES ART

The private office of this active man is simple and unpretentious. Containing no furniture except a desk and a few chairs, it is partitioned off from the great general office by a wall of glass. He shuns affectation in dress and manner, and displays unconsciously the characteristics of his family—vigorous action, plainness in speech and loftiness of purpose.

With all his activity in the management of the business, he finds time for the esthetic. He is fond of art, and has pictures of great value in his home. As a Director in the Field Columbian Museum he is solicitous for the advancement of its ethnological features, and his eyes glow whenever a rare scarab is added to the Egyptian display. Of deeply rooted religious convictions, he is a most valuable Director in the McCormick Theological Seminary.

That remarkable body of business men, the Commercial Club, elected him to its presidency—one of the highest compliments ever paid him. Besides his membership in the Metropolitan and University Clubs of New York, Mr. McCormick enjoys the fraternity of the Chicago, University, Union and Onwentsia Country Clubs and the Chicago Athletic Association.

•

A CAPITALIST'S EDUCATION

After graduation from the Chicago high school Mr. McCormick completed his studies at Princeton and prepared himself for active participation in the big enterprise founded by his father. The latter died in 1884, after seeing his son well launched on a career of activity. In 1889, the young director of the big works went to the Exposition at Paris, to see how the world regarded the reaper, and was decorated with the order of *Le Mérite*. The same year he married Harriet Bradley Hammond. He has two sons and a daughter: Cyrus, Gordon and Elizabeth. During the summer it is the custom of this manufacturer to take his family to "Walden," his extensive country home at Lake Forest, Illinois. Thence he makes daily trips to his office in Chicago.

"My recreation when I am in the country is horseback riding and occasional rides on a bicycle," said Mr. McCormick. "I find it refreshing to the mind and the body to take exercise in the gymnasiums at the Young Men's Christian Association and the Chicago Athletic Association. It is difficult for a man to lay down a fixed schedule for the performance of his work, but I try to make my trips to the works as regular as possible. Conferences each day with department chiefs put me in close touch with the larger details of the industry. Systematic work is not as fatiguing as it may appear."

• • • • • •

A HIGHLY CULTURED FILIPINO

RAMON REYES LALA, who has recently been consulted by President McKinley as to the situation in the Philippines, has led a most eventful life since he left his birthplace in Manila more than twenty years ago and started out to acquire an education. His sources of instruction would open the eyes of most of the undergraduates of American colleges. First he went to Hongkong to school. Then he took a course at Singapore, in the Straits Settlements. After that he spent twelve years in London in St. John's College, and then took three years in the Neufchâtel University, Switzerland. One value of such a training is that it necessarily gives to the student speech in many tongues. Mr. Lala is a fluent English scholar, and speaks half the languages of the European continent and the far East.

"Do the Filipinos have a folklore such as our Indians have?" he was asked at a dinner the other evening.

"Have they? Why, we have a literature older than yours. Manila is more than four centuries old. We have our historians, artists, sculptors, novelists, poets and essayists. There are thousands upon thousands of educated Filipinos who have traveled as much and perhaps as widely as Americans [illegible] some means. We have made all the [illegible] under Spanish rule, and the future is [illegible]. [illegible] a few weeks looking after his literary work. He has just completed a successful book on the Philippines, and is engaged in other highly remunerative work. In addition to his ability as a writer, Mr. Lala is a musical composer of more than local fame.

• • • • • •

OPEN-AIR SERMONS

The Mountain-Top View

By JAMES G. K. McCLURE, D.D.

HE WAS a street boy, brought up in one of the narrowest alleys of a crowded city. The houses along the alley almost touched one another at their top stories. The little fellow had seen the sky only through this narrow opening except when he had gone a few times into an adjoining park, and then had had a larger view of the sky. Even in the park his view of the sky was limited, for the park was very like an Italian plaza, surrounded by buildings that shut in the vision on every side.

One day he was taken into the open country and was carried up a high hill. He was quiet for a while, looking upward and around—in every direction. Then, again lifting his eyes upward he said, "How much sky there is!" He never knew until that hour how much blue and beauty there was over him. The knowledge that then came was a revelation and a joy.

•

There is a narrow way and also a broad way of seeing God. Our judgments of life and of Him depend largely on our perspective. The two greatest views of God given to our world came from Moses and Christ. Both were men who often dwelt out in the open where the range of the sky was not limited. Moses climbed a mountain above the tents of Israel and even the foothills that shut in the horizon, and on an elevation where the sky was as broad as his unobstructed vision he realized that the glory of God is His goodness.

Never until that hour when God told him that His greatest joy was to be pitiful and helpful to the children of men did Moses know "how much sky there was over him." Christ, too, climbed the mountains when He was to speak His [illegible] thoughts concerning God and God's interest in man. There was sky—yes, very much sky about Him, and about His hearers, when He told them to "behold the birds of the air, which your Heavenly Father feedeth"; and as they looked up and around, and saw sky, sky everywhere, and everywhere beautiful, it was easy for them to receive His gracious teachings of the fullness and tenderness of God's love toward them.

"Mountain-top visions for valley work." Such is the title of a sermon I once wrote. This is its thought: that sometimes in life we are taken far up above our ordinary experiences, lifted high over the doubts and perplexities and hardships that usually are ours, and then the sky widens out and we see the sky, God's sky, God's sky in all its brilliancy and calmness resting lovingly over our home and labor and graves. Our duties and our cares, and even our sorrows, look so different then! God seems to be in every one of them, and they grow light, and even beautiful to us.

•

That wide expanse of God's interest and love, how it rests us and comforts us—yes, and strengthens us, too! How much sky there must have been over Paul when, not quite able to forget the thorn in his side, he felt his heart tingle so that he scarcely knew whether he was in the body or not, as there came to him the assurance, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Sky! It was all sky that hour.

Mountain-top visions do not linger; they do not need to linger. The boy went back to his narrow alley, and all that he could see of the sky was a line of blue up above. The buildings crowded very close about him. The world and its drudgeries and its wrongs well nigh inclosed him. Only that one blue streak of heaven could be discovered now. But he had seen the great, wide, over arching, all-em[illegible] sky. He had seen it! He knew how large it was, and how beautiful, too. He knew also what thoughts and emotions and desires came to him when he had the vision. He could carry that vision in his heart—and carrying it there could see every burden, every limitation in its cheer.

The view of the mountain top, not the view of the valley, is the true view of God's providence. It does us good, it does all men good to climb the heights sometimes and know how much sky there is over us. Peter once went up a mount of Transfiguration, and saw Christ actually as He was, One of surpassing glory and beauty, and that vision put a halo about all the routine duties that afterward came to him in Christ's service. It was where the sky was large that men heard the words: "Your Heavenly Father knoweth what things ye need. Not a hair of your head falleth without His care." And it was, too, where the sky was large that men heard those other words: "I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

It is worth our while to lift up our eyes unto the hills, to go in heart, and in body, too, if we can, where we stand with open vision of the vast ranges of God's love and breathe the tonic of His limitless sky. Standing thus it will be well if we remember that we seem to be at the very centre of all that sky, as it bows over and protects us. It will be even better if we say, appropriating God's love and care to our very selves: "How much sky there is, and I am at its centre!" *Sursum corda:* Lift up your hearts!

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is number two in the POST'S series of Open-Air Sermons, which will be published during the summer months. Number one, The Matterhorn and Calvary, by Amory H. Bradford, appeared in the POST for May 20.

The Old Man's SON

By Horace Annesley Vachell.

IN THE luxurious library of one of those [illegible] pride and glory of New York three men of different ages, sizes and complexions were smoking after dinner cigars.

The host, Ralph Brough, who had inherited but lately a round score of his father's millions, was the tallest and broadest and youngest of the three, a stout fellow, with a twinkle in his eye, and more than a dash of chestnut in hair and beard. Opposite Brough, in a chair not too easy, sat his friend and confidential adviser, Stanhope Winslow, a typical New Yorker; thin, admirably dressed, clean shaven, and middle aged. And between lawyer and client, warming his silk clad ankles at the wood fire, lounged the parasite, Dollie Peyton, who was neither young nor beautiful nor clever, and not even rich, a negative quantity, in short, who could not say no to a millionaire's invitation.

"The combination of money and mind," said Dollie, "makes the god."

"True," replied Ralph Brough. "Money turns an honest fellow into a graven image that fools fall down before and worship. Money has robbed me, for instance, of my identity. The consciousness of being the old man's son, practically pledged to carry out his ideas and plans, has atrophied or, at least, paralyzed—the *ego* in me. I'm assured by you, Winslow, by my brother directors in a dozen companies, by my land agents and stewards, by everybody except a few devoted friends like Dollie here, that my sire's methods are not to be meddled with, not to be criticised even, by his heir. I'm the son of a famous man who made no mistakes but one—myself. The perfect *pattern* should have been broken, leaving behind no imperfect replica. I dare not stain, yet cannot sustain the family record. I've done my level best, too. So much so that I [illegible] I'm the father of the man I was."

•

"Be true to yourself, dear boy," said Dollie, puffing contentedly at his big perfecto.

"Myself?" echoed Brough. "I cannot find myself. Where is that [illegible], earth-loving, simple-minded chap, Ralph Brough? Egad! In his place I see a surly, suspicious fellow, who glares askance at all his friends, who questions their most civil acts, imputing to them the most ignoble motives. Why, by Heaven! Dollie, I don't know whether you come to my house to dine with me, or to eat what you told me just now was the best dinner in New York!"

Stanhope Winslow's clear voice drowned the muttered remonstrance of the parasite.

"Really, Ralph, you are too absurd. If you talk like this outside these doors the world will tell you, not where you are, but where you ought to be—in a lunatic asylum. You have youth, health, strength and twenty millions. What more do you ask of [illegible]?"

"I want my lost self, Winslow. At present I'm masquerading as the shade of my father. Can twenty millions compensate a fellow for the loss of himself?"

"Brough," said the parasite, "why don't you marry that nice, charming Cynthia Chamberlin, whom you once adored?"

"I adore her still. Your advice, my dear Peyton, is excellent. In marrying her I should find, at any rate, my better half, but I cannot offer that sweet girl a shadow. If I could find her old lover and take him to her, and make them both happy, I'd cheerfully chuck the twenty millions in the sea. With my mother's stanch fortune and Cynthia I verily believe I should feel myself again."

"I'll take the millions," said Winslow, thinking of a large overdraft at his bankers, and the Christmas bills still unpaid.

"So will I," said the parasite. "I'd do more than that to oblige a friend."

Brough rose from his chair and began to pace up and down the library.

•

"It would be an interesting experiment," he said gravely. "I should sacrifice power, which scares me more than nitro-glycerine, position, that raises me unduly above my fellows; and a few friends"—he looked keenly at Peyton; "but I should gain"—he threw back his head and squared his shoulders—"freedom and Cynthia. My dear Winslow"—the light faded from his face—"your offer to relieve me of this hideous responsibility does credit to your heart. But I dare not accept it. Twenty millions would crush you."

"They wouldn't crush me," murmured Dollie Peyton, cheerfully.

"No," said Ralph, coolly surveying this small *arbiter elegantiarum*, this Petronius of [illegible] nights and germans. "You are not easily crushed." Then he turned to Winslow, and his tone changed. "You were joking, of course, you, who know better than I the pains and perils that encompass this particular twenty millions, you, who know that my father worked harder than the meanest clerk in his employ; you, who know that the undivided attention this estate demands might cost you the love of your wife and children; you, knowing all these things and more, would *not* shoulder this burden? Answer me truly."

•

Stanhope Winslow answered promptly.

Knowing all these things, I would take your father's estate, and administer it to the best of my ability and in accordance with his instructions. The *pros* in my eyes would outweigh the *cons*. I would accept the trust."

A [illegible] followed; Brough stood still in deepest thought, the lawyer lighted a fresh cigar, and the fingers that held the match trembled, the parasite assumed a stoical expression of disgust.

"Then, by Heaven! you shall have it," said Brough suddenly. "You are older and wiser than I, and appear to have the faith that can move mountains. Take pencil and paper, and draw up at once a rough memorandum of agreement between us. I'll transfer to you the sole charge of my father's estate for one year. During that time you will receive and use the income as your own. That is yours. One year from date I shall either assume control of or deed the entire property to—you. If I decide to deed it, you hereby pledge yourself to accept it. You will emphasize the clause that binds you to administer the trust strictly in accordance with the terms of my father's will. So far as possible you will assume his toga that fits me so ungracefully. Write it out in duplicate, and I'll sign it to-night."

The parasite rose, clothed by a greater tailor than Poole—virtuous indignation.

"Brough," he said solemnly, "if you do this mad thing I shall be compelled to cut your acquaintance. I cannot call a lunatic my friend."

Ralph laughed loudly.

"Get to work, Winslow," he cried joyously. "Your friend here—he is *your* friend now; he goes with the money—will witness the signatures."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," retorted Dollie. "I protest, Winslow, against this mad proceeding. Brough, I consider, is not fit to be at large. He is insane."

He moved, chin in air, to the door, from the threshold he fired a Parthian shot.

You mentioned, Brough, a young lady whom I have the honor to know. If you think that this quixotic folly will commend you to the daughter of Judge Chamberlin, you are vastly mistaken."

The door closed behind him, and Brough laughed again. Winslow rose from his chair and took the young man's hand, looking hard into his eyes.

Ralph, my boy, this is a joke, isn't it? You wanted to amuse yourself at Peyton's expense?

You don't know Dollie, Winslow. One can't even joke—at his expense. No, I'm serious. We'll draft that agreement to-night. But hold on! How about Cynthia, eh?

She's a charming girl," replied the lawyer evasively. "The world has expected the announcement of your engagement for the past three months."

I'll propose to-morrow," said Ralph. "I ought to have asked the question long ago, but I shirked it. Now I can take to her the man who loves her to distraction. Gad, I feel as if I'd been born again."

•

Early, unwarrantably early the next morning, Ralph Brough knocked gayly at the door of Mrs. Chamberlin's old-fashioned house in Gramercy Square. It was opened by Uncle Bonaparte, the darky butler, who grinned sympathetically at the sight of Marse" Ralph's beaming face. Brough slipped a bill into his hand when he learned that Cynthia was well and within.

Then he was ushered into the library, a room but seldom used since Judge Chamberlin's death. The walls were mellow with calf and vellum, but the air was charged with the odor of ancient books, folios encrusted with dust, exhaling dead dogmas and doctrines. Outside, spring was touching with magic fingers the buds upon the trees; inside, winter still lingered, dark and forbidding.

"I hate that smell of decay," said Ralph, sniffing. "This old room is like a vault. Egad! it is the tomb of the Judge's ambitions. Here he used to sit nursing disappointment."

•

He drummed with his strong hands upon the window pane, for Cynthia was long a-coming. None the less, when the girl entered, clad in the costly simplicity of plain gray cloth, a gown that displayed to perfection her tall, slender figure, he told her enthusiastically that she had not wasted time in primping. Cynthia assured him that he was mistaken. She had been detained by business of importance.

"I detest that word," said Ralph. "And what do you know about business?"

"More than you think, sir. Mamma has no head for figures, but I—— Why, Ralph, how well you look!"

"You notice a change?" chuckled Brough.

"I do, indeed. Since your father's death you have been so—so unlike yourself."

Cynthia, to-day I have, so to speak, found myself.

His eyes were sparkling. A more gallant youth never smiled into his sweetheart's face. He led the girl to a couch and seated himself beside her, retaining her hand in his.

•

"Cynthia," he whispered, "which did you like best—the young fellow who came a-courting you six months ago, or the solemn, sober, careworn man who has since called, formally, once or twice a fortnight?"

Smiling sweetly, she confessed:

"I thought the sober, solemn signior horrid—quite horrid."

And the other?"

She turned aside her graceful head. Upon the soft white nape of her neck fluttered a tiny blond curl. Ralph, at a loss for words, kissed the curl, and encountering nothing more terrifying than a shy glance, kissed the cheek conveniently near, and then the lips.

"My dearest," he said fervently, "that old stick wasn't fit to marry his grandmother. He might have spared his wife a minute or two when business was less pressing than usual, but the other"—he took her into his arms—"the other, my sweet, will give you all his life."

"I don't understand," she murmured.

"You shall," he replied, rising to his feet. "You see here, my love, a man who refuses to wear his father's broadcloth. He prefers his own modest but lively check."

"But, Ralph——"

"You look bewildered, Cynthia. Wait. You must let me gang my ain gait, I trow."

He paused, and when he continued the levity of his tone had given place to a manly and emphatic gravity.

"My father," said he, "accumulated a fortune of twenty millions, but he died at fifty-four a prematurely old man, worn out, broken down. My mother," his voice faltered, "died when I was a boy at school. I know now what I suspected then—that she died miserably of neglect."

"Of neglect?"

"Yes, of neglect. She lived alone in a splendid house, with not a wish left ungratified save the one supreme yearning for a husband's love and companionship. Other women have consoled themselves with other interests, but my mother was peculiar, intense, ardent, and devoted to the man who swore to love and cherish her. I'm like her in that respect. I hold love to be the supreme thing; the rest is leather and prunello. I feel that I cannot serve at once Love and Mammon. My father made his choice, and the world knows that he reaped his reward. I, Cynthia, have made my choice. Upon one side lies the pile—twenty millions; upon the other stands the sweetest maid in New York. I choose the maiden."

She rose and faced him. Perplexity puckered her brows and clouded her lovely hazel eyes.

•

"You have chosen me. And what have you done with——"

"The millions? I've handed them over to Stanhope Winslow. He was unwise enough to accept them."

The girl's lips were very white.

Did you think he would refuse them—that lean, hungry-looking lawyer?"

"I did. I gave him credit that was not his due. He has the national disease badly. Yes, he was fool enough to relieve me of an intolerable burden. I should like to believe that he did it out of kindness; but no, the lust of gold blazed in his eyes. Why, Cynthia!"

She had lightly approached him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder with caressing touch.

"Dear Ralph," she whispered softly, "you are joking; you wished to test my love for you. Oh, you stupid boy!"

Her laughter fell lightly upon a silence. Then Brough took her hand and kissed it.

"It's no joke," he said gravely. "I never doubted you, dear; I knew that you would approve. We shall have enough to live on, and something to give away. We can travel. I was thinking, as I walked down town, that we would spend our honeymoon in Brittany. We might bike together this summer through Morbihan and Finistère."

She was standing before him with down cast eyes. Now she looked up.

Then you took my consent for granted?"

Brough had the grace to blush.

I did," he murmured. "I was sure that you loved me as I love you. And—and I stand here justified, eh?"

She walked to the old-fashioned hearth and leaned against the heavy oaken mantel. Her face was very pale, and her pallor, so Brough noted, subtly infused itself like an aura around her; the room grew colorless.

"You have done a dishonorable thing," she said slowly and bitterly. "You've

"YOU HAVE CHOSEN ME. AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH——"
"THE MILLIONS? I'VE HANDED THEM OVER TO STANHOPE WINSLOW. HE WAS UNWISE ENOUGH TO ACCEPT THEM"

obtained from me caresses under false pretenses. You look astonished. Did you think I was the kind of woman to marry a coward?"

"A coward!" he stammered.

"Is it not cowardice," she continued vehemently, "to shirk responsibility, to hand over to another the burdens that——"

"Hold!" he cried hoarsely. He interrupted her so savagely, with such fire and sarcasm, that she changed her tone. Cynthia was essentially feminine, and a mistress of a woman's weapons. When she spoke again her voice trembled and her eyes were wet.

"Ralph, dearest Ralph, don't look at me so cruelly! Let us talk this over rationally. You are your father's son."

"I am not," he replied hotly. "My mother's blood flows warm and swift in my veins. As her child I find myself ill-equipped to play the part my father has assigned me, but I respect his wishes. They shall be carried out according to the letter and spirit of his will by another and more competent instrument."

"You rank Stanhope Winslow higher than yourself?"

"I never said so. He is a machine, as my father was; I am a man."

"Ralph, to please me, give up this mad scheme. Let us manage your father's estate together. I'll help you. Your cares shall be my cares; your burden shall be shared by me."

She wooed him with the witchery of voice and glance; and what son of Adam can withstand such pleading? Brough, weighing her soft phrases, banished a frown, but couldn't summon a smile.

•

"Tell me," he asked solemnly, "as between man and woman, do you love me, Ralph Brough, or do you love the heir of Henry Brough?"

Irresolution quivered upon her lips and fled. Evasion, with this man's keen eyes upon her, was not to be entertained.

"I love you," she said tenderly and not untruthfully. "You, Ralph; you, who have had my heart in your keeping for two years."

"All your heart?"

"Yes, all, but——"

"Then I cannot hesitate. Without you I might have been tempted by the power that great wealth commands; with you by my side I despise it. To-morrow I shall deed to Winslow that ill-gotten heap of gold. There is plenty of work for both of us to do—burdens to bear in common. We shall not live idle lives. *Cynthia!*"

As he spoke she had shrunk from his side, and, so shrinking, the beauty had dropped from her face like a fair mask, exposing what lay mean and ugly beneath. The despair of the gambler who has lost his last stake twisted her lower lip; baffled ambition lurked beneath her half-closed eyes; upon her brow was written a sordid confession that her lover was forced to read.

And, reading it, line upon line, the light and comeliness faded from his own face. He staggered as if smitten by an unseen hand; then he drew himself up, bowed, and passed from her presence.

As the door closed she called to him faintly: "Ralph!"

But if he heard he paid no heed.

Thalia treads blithely in the footprints of her sister Melpomene. Brough walked uptown abjectly miserable; nay, more—he was sensible of a third change in his personality. He felt possessed of a strange spirit, ill at ease in fleshly garments, out of tune with life, smarting beneath the sting of the gadfly failure. Opposite his favorite club—he quickened his pace as he passed that hospitable door—he was hailed loudly by a friend, Jimmie d'Aguilar, in whose company he had spent a couple of pleasant months the year before, tarpon fishing in Florida.

•

D'Aguilar dragged Brough into the clubhouse, and assured his friend that he had been hunting him for three hours.

"Ralph," he said earnestly, "I'm worried to death about you. You're lookin' peaky—not half the chap you were. It's this beastly business that is usin' you up. You look soft and pulpy, and I see black lines under your eyes. Now I want you to take a holiday and play about with me. We'll nip off to California. I've heard of some amazin' fishin' to be had there—tuna fishin'. It knocks the spots out of tarpon. What d'ye say?"

Brough said nothing for a couple of minutes; then he quietly consented to go, provided a start could be made at once. Jimmie d'Aguilar had his faults; he dropped, in conversation, the final "g," having lost it, indeed, in England in the very best society; and he confessed frankly that he could not understand George Meredith, and preferred comic opera to Ibsen; but Brough knew him to be a gentleman and a sportsman. The mention of California suggested the Pacific, which soothed his aching nerves. He wanted to escape into the wilderness. Assuredly the finger of Providence pointed due West.

"By the way," said Jimmie, "that pompous little fool, Dollie Peyton, dropped in here late last night; had some absurd yarn about you; swore that you were as mad as a March hare; told us you had given old Winslow a cool twenty millions—your daddy's pile."

"It's quite true," said Brough coldly. "I have, or rather I shall, to-morrow."

D'Aguilar stared open-mouthed at his friend.

"You've given Winslow twenty millions?"

"He has been fool enough to accept it."

Jimmie whistled.

"He was not the biggest fool in that deal. Well, I am hanged!"

"You ought to be," said Brough grimly. "I permit no man to call me a fool."

•

"Then, my boy, it's time you left New York. I see now why you're in such a deuce of a hurry to bolt. If you tarry here they'll lock you up. Now, be calm; don't get any madder than you are already. I—I suppose you would not care to listen to my advice?"

"Thank you—no," said Brough.

"Of course," murmured Jimmie thoughtfully, "there's a petticoat in the business. It must belong to Cynthia—the blooming Cynthia."

"NOW, DON'T STAND GAPIN' THERE LIKE A CANARY WITH THE PIP. CLAP ON A HAT AND MAKE YOUR RECORD"

"We will leave Miss Chamberlin's name alone."

"*Miss* Chamberlin! Then it is Cynthia. Has she refused you? Is she as crazy as you are? Or is there ano——"

He stopped suddenly, aghast at the change in Brough's face. Ralph was livid with rage.

"I beg pardon," said d'Aguilar contritely. "I see you're hard hit, and my chaff must have been most offensive. Forgive me."

Brough nodded. He could not trust himself to speak. Jimmie was hot with apprehension—not for himself, but for his friend. He feared that Brough was insane, possibly in need of a strait waistcoat. Brough's next words confirmed these horrible suspicions.

"I'm not myself," he said hoarsely. "Hang it! I've not been myself for six months. Must a man lose his identity because he inherits twenty millions?"

"You're O.K.," replied Jimmie nervously.

"Can we leave to-night?" asked Brough.

D'Aguilar, albeit no coward, paled visibly. To travel three thousand miles shut up in the private drawing-room of a Pullman car alone with a lunatic is not an alluring prospect.

"N-not t-t-to-night," he stammered.

"To-morrow night, then?"

"Right you are," said Jimmie, recovering his nerve; "to-morrow night—unless something occurs to upset our little plans."

•

Brough replied impatiently that nothing short of a cataclysm should interfere with *his* plans; that he would be at the Central to take the Limited; that if Jimmie failed him he would travel to California alone. Then he rose and begged to be excused.

"Goin' home?" said Jimmie artfully.

Brough told him that he expected to reach home in about an hour, and to stay there for the rest of the day.

As soon as he had gone d'Aguilar went to the telephone and rang up the house in Gramercy Square. Mrs. Chamberlin was Jimmie's kinswoman, and he called Cynthia cousin. Now, Jimmie rode straight to hounds, and applied the same principle that steered him successfully across a stiff country to all the affairs of life.

Accordingly he called boldly for Miss Chamberlin, but was not surprised when Cynthia's mother came to the 'phone. From her he learned that Cynthia was prostrate after a long tête-à-tête with Ralph Brough. Mrs. Chamberlin, however, very properly refused to discuss family matters through the medium of a common carrier, but she entreated Jimmie to come down town at once. As d'Aguilar was pulling on his gloves Dollie Peyton entered the club. The sportsman despised the parasite, but as he expressed it afterward, he was "glad to use a worm if trout wouldn't rise to a fly." So he led Dollie aside and asked for the facts about Brough. These were soon in his possession.

"I was there," concluded Peyton. "And I made my protest. I considered that my duty. I've seen a good deal of poor Brough lately."

"Poor Brough!" said Jimmie dryly. "Yes, I know you have."

"I've been of use to him, d'Aguilar, and all that. He needed trimming, eh?"

"Couldn't have found a better man to do the trimmin'," said Jimmie.

"Thank you, d'Aguilar. Brough, you and I know, is—well, there's too much rough in Brough."

He tittered feebly at his small joke, and Jimmie frowned.

"The best fellow in New York," said Jimmie.

"Quite so—yes, quite so; but kinky—not to be unkind."

"Is he——?" Dollie nodded and tapped his own head.

"You don't say—cracked? I should like your honest opinion. You don't mean to tell me that Brough is really mad?"

•

Dollie fixed his pale blue eyes upon the tips of his well-varnished boots; then he said emphatically that Brough was not fit to be at large. Fortified by this opinion, Jimmie summoned a hansom and was driven at an illegal rate of speed to Gramercy Square. Mrs. Chamberlin received him in the drawing-room and shook her stately head at the mention of Cynthia's name. The young lady, it seemed, was shut up in her bed-chamber, and had refused the mother both admittance and confidence.

"She takes after the poor dear Judge," said Mrs. Chamberlin tearfully. "She has my figure and complexion, but nothing else, James, nothing else."

Jimmie nodded a doleful assent. In appearance his kinswoman was a credit to her breeding and her dressmaker. Her aquiline nose, her arched brows, her slender hands and feet, proclaimed the dame of pedigree; but both forehead and chin retreated, the one into a charming front of silvery curls and the other into an equally artistic jabot. The Judge, it is pertinent to add, had been distinguished in the possession of a most commanding brow and an equally prominent chin, and these features had been reproduced *in petto* upon the face of his daughter.

"What has happened?" said Jimmie.

Mrs. Chamberlin's answer, stripped of verbiage, was this: she had been apprised by Uncle Bonaparte of Ralph's arrival and departure; the old servant had commented freely upon the young man's appearance—his jovial, gallant bearing *coming*, and his despairing mien and sorry deportment *going*; from Cynthia she had gleaned no information whatsoever.

"Do you think she'd see me?" asked Jimmie, miserably conscious that something ought to be done and feeling quite impotent to do it. "I've known her since she was a tot, and old Ralph is my best friend. Suppose now you tell her that I must see her at once; make it imperative; say that I've just come from Ralph; that in his interest, in her interest, in—to put it strong—in the interest of humanity, she cannot refuse to give me a hearin'."

•

Mrs. Chamberlin hurried upstairs, and Jimmie told himself that James d'Aguilar had not been found lacking in the hour of need. Presently Cynthia walked composedly in, shut the door, locked it, and asked Jimmie what he wanted. D'Aguilar, noting her red eyelids, looked at the carpet as he answered: "I want to know why you refused to marry Ralph Brough. I'm your cousin, and——"

"A very distant cousin," said Cynthia.

Jimmie took her hand in his and pressed it sympathetically.

"You've no cousin nearer to you than I am, dear. Tell me the truth. Ralph loves you, and you love him. Don't you dare to deny it! Why have you refused to marry him?"

A faint color illumined the girl's cheeks, and her eyes softened at sight of Jimmie's kindly face; but her lips remained tightly pressed together.

"He was here this morning to ask you to marry him. Uncle Bonaparte says he was 'smilin' 'wus'n a possum when he came, but went away lookin' as if he'd been hit with a fence rail. You won't speak? Very well; *I will*. I know why you refused to marry poor Ralph, and I approve the reason. You did right, my dearest girl. Under the circumstances you were bound to crucify your own feelings. I honor you, Cynthia; I respect you; I admire you; I am proud to count myself of kin to you."

Cynthia listened to this panegyric with tingling ears.

"And now," continued Jimmie, "now that we understand each other——"

"Understand each other!" cried Cynthia scornfully. "I'll tell you why I refused to marry Ralph: because I'm a wicked fool—not fit to be his wife. He will never speak to me again as long as he lives; but if he stood where you're standing now and repeated his offer I would take him gladly—oh, so gladly!"

Her voice died away in a sob.

"You would marry him in his *present condition?*" asked Jimmy sternly.

"I would—I would. If he came to me in rags I'd marry him."

"Then I say," retorted Jimmie warmly, "that you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're not a bread-and-butter Miss; you're twenty-two, and know the ropes. Yet you think only of yourself."

"And whom should I think of, pray?"

D'Aguilar wiped his forehead. For a bachelor the situation was hardly tenable.

"Well," he stammered, scarlet with confusion, "th-th-there are others."

He stopped, for Cynthia was marching with outraged dignity to the door. As he paused, she turned, and transfixed the preacher with a glance of cutting disdain.

Jimmie had interposed his large person between her and the door.

"I must ask you the question I came here to ask: What made you suspect that Ralph Brough was insane?"

"Insane?"

"Aye, insane. That is why you refused him. You could not marry a madman."

"And who dares to say that Ralph Brough is a madman?"

Jimmie tried to whip up his scattering wits.

"Who said so?" he repeated vaguely. "Let me see—who the deuce did say so? Why—why, Dollie Peyton, to be sure."

Cynthia's eyes were blazing.

"Dollie Peyton!" she echoed. "An excellent authority to cite. Dollie Peyton indeed! And who else?"

"He has given the old man's pile—twenty millions—to Stanhope Winslow."

•

Cynthia laughed, but behind the silvery crescendo of her laughter lurked tears.

"And because of that you and your precious friend, Mr. Dollie Peyton, brand him as madman. Let me tell you that it is we who are mad—yes, raving mad, in our greed of gain; we who covet the very stars in heaven, and who die miserable and dissatisfied if they do not drop into our hands. You know that Ralph's father sacrificed everything and everybody to his insensate ambition, and you know that my unhappy father did the same; the one was successful as we maniacs interpret success, and the other wasn't—and now both are dead. And to-day, when my lover came to me and told me that he could not serve at once Love and Mammon, I—I sent him away from me. I staked my heart and his against that twenty millions and lost both. Oh! Ralph, Ralph, Ralph!"

She fell on her knees before a divan and buried her face in the cushions. Jimmie was so upset that he lost at once his head and his

manners. Flight, to him, seemed the one thing desirable and possible. So he unlocked the door and—fled.

Fate, meantime, had not smiled upon Ralph Brough. Upon leaving the club he had taken himself and his sorrows to Central Park, or, as he preferred to put it—Nature. The dame, in unsympathetic mood, exhibited billing birds, amorous nurse-girls with their escorts, and other outward and visible signs of love. So Ralph, groaning in spirit, soon turned his steps homeward. As he hung up his hat in the hall a servant told him that Stanhope Winslow was awaiting him in the library. Brough knew his Chief Inquisitor too well to doubt what the lawyer's first question would be.

"You've been to Gramercy Square, Ralph? Congratulations, of course, are in order?"

To this greeting Brough responded with so surly a nod that Winslow was silenced.

"I'm going to California," said this unhappy young man. "I start to-morrow night on the Limited. Between now and then we must fix up our affairs."

These sentences, snapped out in a dull, sullen tone, were pregnant with meaning to Winslow. Dollie Peyton, he reflected, had proved a prophet. Cynthia Chamberlin had refused to marry a lamb shorn of its golden fleece.

"Winslow," said Brough suddenly, "I've turned over the old man's pile to you because I believe that you're the one fellow this side of Styx who can handle it as it ought to be handled. At the same time it's my conviction that the responsibility is more than you, the father of a family, can shoulder alone, and, believing this, am I a coward to run away from it?"

When the ugly word was spoken, Ralph was sensible of a feeling of relief. It had sizzled in his mind ever since it fell red hot from Cynthia's curling lips. The lawyer evaded the question.

•

"As far as I'm concerned," he said, "you can rest easy. I'm a family man, Ralph, as you say, and my family has never forgiven me for not being able to make a pile for myself. I made money for your father—he was good enough to say that my advice was worth half a million a year to him—and I've made money for you. But my own speculations have proved disastrous. I earn a very handsome income and I spend every cent of it. My family is—er—extravagant. Now, when I die what will become of them? I carry a life insurance of one hundred thousand dollars. What is that? Now you come forward and throw to me, a drowning man, not a straw, but a stack. The income from the estate for one year will assure the future of my family; and, Ralph, if I were assured that the responsibility would kill me within the year, none the less I would take it gladly and gratefully."

Brough was strangely moved by the confidence of this thin-lipped, self-restrained man of business—this machine. He had a bowing acquaintance with Mrs. Winslow, and recalled her as a tall, stylish woman, with white, aggressive teeth and a pronounced manner. She was famous for her dinners—white dinners, green dinners, yellow dinners—and her cards were printed with an uncanonical hyphen between the Stanhope and the Winslow. The boys had the reputation of being "sporty," and the girls' names and portraits had appeared in the public prints embellishing Paquin skirts and Virot hats. Poor old Winslow! So these vampires had sucked the blood from his thin, white face. Poor old chap!

Brough held out his hand in silence. Then he burst out again: "She called me a coward, Winslow; a coward! Am I one? You won't answer the question, and I can't. I'd like to show her that the word was ill chosen. I loved her so dearly that I would not let this awful duty cloud her future; but *now*, with only myself to think of, shall I shirk it? I must get away for a season, but I shall return, and——"

•

The sentence was never finished; for Jimmie d'Aguilar, with the tails of his frock coat streaming behind him, and in a condition generally that indicated profound mental and physical distress, bounced suddenly and unceremoniously into the room. Stanhope Winslow adjusted his pince-nez and stared amazedly at the intruder; Brough frowned.

"I say," gasped Jimmie; "I say, Ralph, you're playin' in luck—d'ye know it? 'Tisn't every Johnnie has the friends you have! Yes, sir, you can bet on me every time. Now, don't stand gapin' there like a canary with the pip. Clap on a hat and make your record. There's not a minute to lose."

He grasped his astonished friend by the arm and led him to the window.

"She's cryin' her pretty eyes out," he whispered. "I left her wailin' like a lost soul. And I knew it was no use my tryin' to comfort the poor dear. It was Ralph, Ralph, Ralph. A dose of James would have made her delirious. So I just cut and run. Outside, I got my head, and came on straight here. She says she'll take you in rags—in *rags*, d'ye hear—so you needn't wait to curl your hair. There's a fresh hansom outside with a rippin' horse in it, and——"

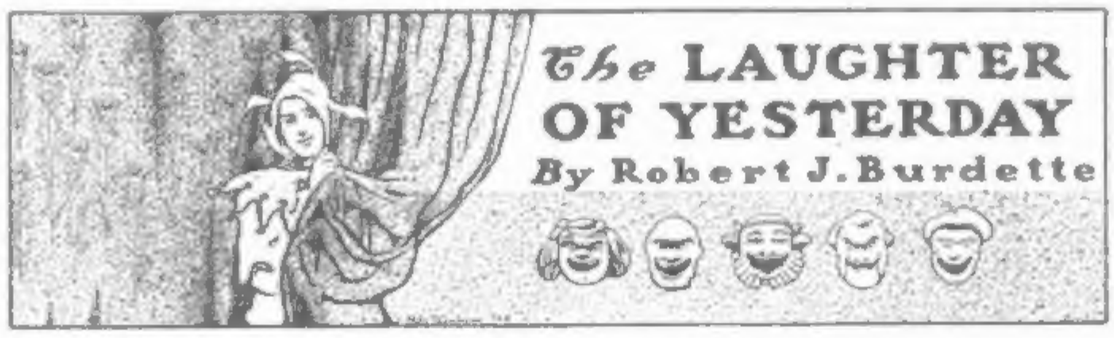
Brough tore loose from Jimmie's encircling arm and left the room no less violently than his friend had entered it. The front door slammed; Ralph was seen to leap into the hansom, the cabby applied the whip, and James d'Aguilar sank into a chair.

Later, Stanhope Winslow asked mildly for an explanation.

"What does it mean?" replied Jimmie. "It means, sir, a marriage. The slam of that big door proclaimed the banns. Brough and I were off to California to-morrow, but 'twill take something stronger than a locomotive to pull him from the white arms of Cynthia Chamberlin. Well, sir, there's an awful joke on me. Yes, there is. I took Brough for a lunatic—a stark, staring maniac. I was certain that he ought to be locked up. That Dollie Peyton said he must be raving mad because he'd given you twenty million dollars."

"That is not so," said Winslow, in his most precise manner. "I—I have undertaken—er—temporarily, the care and management of my client's innumerable interests—upon terms that—er—only concern the principals. A year hence he will step once more into his father's shoes. They will fit him more easily twelve months hence, because, while it is true that he inherits from his mother an ardent and tender disposition, yet he is—I'm sure you'll admit—in energy, capacity and tenacity, the old man's son."

• • • • • • • • •



A MAN begins to realize that Old Age has overtaken him, picked him up and started down the incline with him when the editor calls him in and remarks in that exasperatingly kind tone with which people tell you that "you are remarkably well preserved":

"I wish you would write a few personal reminiscences of the early American humorists; you knew them all rather familiarly, didn't you?"

I repress a strong desire to call the editor "Kid," and most respectfully substitute "Mister," and say that I wish I had as many dollars as I knew Phœnix, and Porte Crayon, and Mrs. Partington, and Doesticks, and Oliver Wendell Phillips, and K. N. Pepper, and other laugh-makers who made the beginning of the century bright. I would then have one dollar more than I had when I wished.

As a rule, an interview with the humorist is rather apt to be disappointing. Many people, coming into personal contact with a writer, speaker or actor who has the reputation of being a "funny man," feels the same sort of shock that a boy experiences when he meets his idol, the Funny Old Clown, outside the circus tent, and beholds a commonplace-looking man with a serious face, tweed suit and Derby hat walking composedly on the sidewalk instead of skipping along on the awnings, doorsteps and window ledges. And the shock becomes absolutely painful when the Funny Old Clown decorously answers his friends' salutations with gravity and courtesy, much as the boy's father would do, instead of tripping up their heels or blowing flour in their faces.

•

The boy's faith in the Funny Old Clown's sense of gayety is well-nigh destroyed, and it is not built up again until the boy is about forty years old. And, if the boy be a fool, it is never restored, and he goes to his grave with the profound conviction that the Funny Old Clown never was funny a little bit, because he did not wear his bismuthed face, painted eyebrows and peaked hat in the bosom of his family, at funerals, and in church.

Not a year ago I met such a boy. He was forty-two years old, and he had taken his family to Europe in the same ship that carried Mark Twain. And he complained bitterly to me—and his wife and daughter and son seconded his resentment—that Mark Twain was the quietest man on board; that although they purposely sought him out, and followed him around, and gave him many opportunities, they didn't get half a dozen stories out of him during the voyage. They expected that Huck Finn, Tom Sawyer, Jim Blaine and The Doctor would keep the ship's company in roars of merriment from Sandy Hook to Liverpool, which probably was not the object Mr. Samuel L. Clemens had in making the voyage.

The casual half-hour interview with the humorist does not reveal the characteristics that have made him famous or notorious: that have endeared him to his little or large public, that have given him his reputation. In passing, the same thing may be said of interviews with historians, politicians, poets, dramatists, actors, murderers, defaulters, preachers, statesmen, millionaires, baseball magnates, men who jump from the Brooklyn Bridge, and other people who get into the papers, to say nothing of the warriors who monopolize the magazines.

•

When the genial and versatile reporter, with his justly celebrated and world-renowned facile pen, interviews the last—alas! must one say, rather, the latest—Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark does not reply in blank verse, as he speaks to Horatio. And the reporter would be amazed, and the public would deride, if he did. The poet does not lisp in numbers when asked how he likes our country and what most impresses him in journalism. The millionaire does not tell "how he got and used his gold." (N. B. He pretends to, but all the same he doesn't; it would be "mighty interesting reading" if he did.) The popular preacher does not preach his best sermon in an interview; the baseball magnate does not don a suit of baggy quilted clothes and knock out a hot liner to centre field, nor does the bridge-jumper do his breakneck specialty.

And following all these human precedents, the humorist does not greet an acquaintance of no minutes, who follows his card up to the funny man's lair, with a side-splitting joke. Why should he? There is much gravity in the ordinary civilities and courtesies of life, and the humorist, if he be a gentleman, as he is very likely to be, observes the social forms much as other men do.

•

So you see? True, there are men who, in a five-minute interview, can and do give out their life, their characteristics, their very selves. But that is because they have nothing to give out, and they are as well—or badly—known before the interview as afterward. It is no trouble to decant an empty bottle. A teaspoon with a hole in it will hold all you get out of it.

Many—most of the stories of men of our own day and generation lack interest for the public mind because they are too personal. They belong to the man's intimate friends. After he has been dead a hundred years this element is eliminated; it has faded out; what remains is of the immortal part of the man; is that which belongs to posterity.

Take the current anecdotes of writers and actors and singers. They are very dull reading save to the very few—including the hero or heroine of the anecdote. Stories of actors are not at all dramatic; stories of preachers are not—necessarily—devout; anecdotes of orators are not eloquent. There are exceptions, of course—in the cases, for example, of ourselves—but as a rule, contemporaneous anecdote is rather stupid.

It is like the stories a man—and in rare, exceptional instances, a mother (I do not mean "a man and a mother," but two entirely different people) tells you about his, or her, or their children. Especially when he, she or they has or have (you observe the poverty of the English language) but one children, and that one is but six months old.

•

Extremely interesting are these narratives, no doubt, to the proud parents. But to the unhappy victims who are pilloried in the listening stocks? They who sympathize with Charles Lamb when, under somewhat similar circumstances, he proposed the health of "the Good King Herod"? Personal annals, family archives, interest very few people outside the family, not only in the case of commonplace people, but of great people. Not long ago Phillips Brooks' letters to the children of his household were published in one of the magazines, and merely because they were written by Phillips Brooks. They were just such letters as almost any man might have written to children at home.

And at the risk of being burned at the stake for heresy, one may say the same thing of many of the letters of Robert Louis Stevenson now being published. Some of them may be characteristic; many of them—most of them—are very like the letters you have written and do write to your mother, and, if your mother may be placed on the stand, she will convince the jury that your letters are vastly the more entertaining and original. As no doubt they are, to your own family, for whom, indeed, they were written.

In the old days, when "Youth beheld all happiness gleaming in the prospect," I have strolled about the streets of St. Louis with Eugene Field, marking the trail by a mile of "giggle."

Could any of the things at which I laughed make you laugh now? No; rather they would make you pity us for our light-mindedness, because the giggle belonged to the time and the place, and the friends who giggled. Like Emerson's seaweed—I could not bring home with the weed cast up by that light, foam-crested tide of our laughter the cry of the gulls, the long line of coast, the wash of the waves on the beach, the glint of the sunshine on the shells.

•

To drag Eugene's drolleries out of their environment is to pluck a dainty wild flower up by the roots from its mossy bed in some forest glade, carry it in your hot hand several miles through the summer sun, and then plant it in a garden of roses.

People would look at it and say, "That thing isn't worth raving over." And it isn't, there. Any newspaper man knows that an ambrosial night is an accidental two or three hours at the Press Club when just the right "fellows" happen in; one of the nights it is impossible to arrange or create. Well, try to reproduce the good stories, the clever sayings, the song and jest, all the good-fellowship that made the night memorable, in cold print the next day! Every reporter who has tried it knows how flat the nectar is next morning. To get the right taste of the mead and ambrosia one must not only be admitted to the charmed circle, but he must have the right to demand admittance, the ability to be a part of it himself.

The humorist is conscious that he writes only for his own generation. Hardly that—merely for his own little day and circle in it, wherein he differs from the serious-minded and thoughtful writer, who thinks—or at least who thinks that other people think, which is much the same thing—that he writes for posterity.

•

This is very comforting. It is much pleasanter to write for people who can only find fault with you after you have been dead for some time, and won't mind it, than for a perverse generation that can—and does—stick pins into your living cuticle. Still, the short-lived humorist has this one consolation: if a man comes along a hundred years from now, and fires stones at your mausoleum, he will have you at a grave disadvantage.

If, however, he tries it now, and you catch him at it, you have a jereed or two in your quiver, the barbed point of which is anointed with sulphuric acid, which, if so be that you can intrude it under his fifth rib, will rankle some. And next to a healing balm, a counter-irritant, applied to the person of the other man, is the most soothing application for a malicious wound that I know of.

What one may say, therefore, about the men who made merry with your fathers, or perhaps with yourself when life was in the morning time, may not now make you glad, but it will not make you sad, nor mad, nor bad, but only tenderly reminiscent, with perhaps a tendency to moralize, otherwise prose, after the "Alas! poor Yorick" manner.

• • •

Li Hung Chang and the Barometer

ONE day, some years ago, Li Hung Chang was making a journey from Tien-Tsin to Shanghai, on a steamer of the Chinese Mutual Company, of which he is the principal owner. Being of an inquiring disposition he asked many questions about the machinery and the furnishings of the ship. What interested him most was the barometer, and Captain Baker explained it with great care and described the minutest details.

Several months after, when Captain Baker arrived at Tien-Tsin at the end of a voyage, he was informed at the steamship office that Earl Li wanted to see him at the Viceroy's yamen. The Captain, judging from the experience of other men, expected to receive a reward for faithful service, and dressing himself with care, took a rickshaw for the residence of the greatest man in China. Upon arrival he was shown into the reception-room, and pretty soon Li Hung Chang made his appearance, followed by a servant carrying a handsomely mounted mahogany box. He put it on the table, opened it, and took out a beautiful barometer, which had just arrived from Paris. After Captain Baker had admired the mechanism of the instrument, Earl Li turned to him and said:

"Now, I want you to show me how you foretell events with this thing."

"You cannot foretell events with a barometer," said Captain Baker in surprise.

•

"You told me you could," retorted Earl Li.

"I never did anything of the kind!" exclaimed the astonished seaman. "I told you that by comparing the changes in the temperature and the direction of the wind with the movements of this instrument we could anticipate a storm, but I did not say anything about foretelling events, because that is impossible."

The Viceroy stared at the sailor with astonishment, and exclaimed:

"You are an ignorant, incompetent fellow. Don't you know that the weather is the most uncertain thing in the world? Other events are governed by laws and arbitrary conditions, from which the weather is entirely free, and anybody who can find out what the weather is going to be ought to be able to foretell ordinary events."

Then with a contemptuous motion he dismissed Captain Baker from his presence, and never spoke to him again.

Reduced Prices

WE have recently purchased several hundred pieces of fine suitings and skirtings at much below their actual value. This enables us to inaugurate the biggest Reduced-Price Sale that we have ever announced. You now have an opportunity of securing a fashionable garment at a reduction of one-third from former prices.

No. 614.

No. 614.—Attractive summer suit consisting of a fly-front jacket, which can be worn open or closed, and a fashionable gored skirt. The entire garment is lined throughout, and the jacket is made with a velvet collar. We make this suit from a selection of fifty all-wool fabrics. Retailers ask $17.00 for a suit of this kind. Our price has been $11.50.

Reduced Price for this Sale, $7.67.

We are also closing out a few sample garments which were made up for exhibition in our salesroom:

Suits, $5 to $10; have been $10 to $20.

Skirts, $3 to $8; have been $6 to $16.

We tell you about hundreds of other reduced-price garments in our Summer Catalogue and Bargain List, which will be sent, *free*, together with a full line of samples of materials, to any lady who wishes them. Any garment that is not entirely satisfactory may be returned, and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Write to-day for Catalogue, Samples and Bargain List; don't delay—the choicest goods will be sold first.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d St., New York.

New Furniture Catalogue

Containing 142 Illustrated Pages

Mailed **free** to those who live in places not reached by our wagon delivery system.

You can buy here at prices that retail dealers have to pay manufacturers. We manufacture and sell direct to consumers.

Everything that's Made in the Furniture Line

J. B. Van Sciver Company

Largest Furniture Dealers in the World

Five Minutes by Ferry from Philadelphia. **Camden, N. J.**

When an Invalid Chair is Required

nothing short of the best (most comfortable and safest) should be bought. This kind we sell at same price as asked for ordinary. Write for catalogue of Invalid Chairs for house or street, and combined for both.

BLOCK RECLINING CHAIR

Fifty changes of position. Seashore Wheel Chairs.

This Style, $14.00

Reclining Go-Cart

changes to a **BABY CARRIAGE** when you push a rod near handle-bar, raising foot-rest and lowering back. Made of best rattan, with pretty parasol and fine running-gear. Economical, thoroughly comfortable, fine looking and perfectly safe.

Go-Carts, $2.50 to $20

Write for Catalogue A.

Baby Carriages $3.75 to $50

Write for Catalogue B.

Should your dealer not have our goods, you may buy direct from the factory. We pay freight east of the Mississippi. Representatives wanted.

PHILADELPHIA BABY CARRIAGE FACTORY
718-716 Spring Garden Street, - PHILADELPHIA

PROMOTES HEALTH

Jaeger

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

New York: { 16 West 23d Street. 166 Broadway.
Brooklyn: 504 Fulton Street.
Boston: 160 Tremont Street.

116,647 Now in Use

BIG SERVICE. LITTLE COST

Its indispensable, instantaneous hot-water supply; for use in a bath, or any other room, with or without direct water-service, make the "MOSELY" home.

Complete, with heater, $26.50 up, don't scant of "Rackets." Monthly payments if preferred. 20 styles. Send for catalog of Tubs and Heaters.

MOSELY FOLDING BATH TUB CO.
"A. F." 324 Dearborn Street CHICAGO

Gas, Gasoline or Oil

NEW NOVELS by the following authors are just published:

W. CLARK RUSSELL, OUIDA,
GUY DE MAUPASSANT,
E. F. BENSON, W. E. NORRIS.

Sent, on approval, to any address. Agents wanted. Send for descriptive catalogues.

DREXEL BIDDLE, Publisher
Philadelphia: Drexel Building. New York: 67 Fifth Avenue

FREE Write for illustrated catalogue of latest styles in HAIR GOODS. S. C. BECK, Importer and Manufacturer, No. 26 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN

No. 5 John Street*—you should remember the number—is a four-storied hovel in a slum in the West End of London. Perhaps you do not know London. It is all the same. There is a John Street in every shining city of civilization—in New York, Chicago, Boston; in Rome, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Madrid. "Deep calls to deep of dirt and tipple, ignorance, squalor and despair. There is a sort of liberty of John Street and fellowship of blood and gin-fire. Every village in the land, if it has not its entire John Street, has its No. 5. It may be only the cottage at the end of the lane, but there it is; and there the reckless find their pallet and their roof."

Can you imagine a better or more timely subject for a novel? Would you ask anything better than to make the acquaintance of the people who live in No. 5—the men and the women and the children who swarm there, and struggle and love and fight for air and food? Since Dickens, the sentimental attitude in fiction is out of fashion, and it takes a great deal of courage to write tenderly of the slum-dwellers. The author of No. 5 John Street does not lack this courage. He has studied these flower-girls, peddlers, tramps—the Pyms and Pistols and Bardolphs of the great army of labor—from the sympathetic viewpoint.

There is nothing mawkish in the study, but it is very sincere and very sad. His people are real. When you have finished the book you know Low Covey and Tilda and Nance and all the rest of them, as well as you know the way from your easy chair to your bookcase.

Mr. Richard Whiteing has been for many years a conspicuous journalist in London. He knows the world. As a counter-picture to No. 5, he sketches, not quite so well, the fashionable world of society and finance. And so his book—and it is a brave book, strong and tender—touches modern life at almost every point.

I should not be quite fair if I did not make it clear that Mr. Whiteing has theories. At times you decide that his philosophy of life verges on anarchy. A moment later he has the air of a most conservative person. In fact he runs with the hare and hunts with the hounds. Perhaps he intends you to draw your own conclusions.

No. 5 John Street is a brilliant and forcible novel; it will hold your attention like a magnet from cover to cover. And beyond that, it is stuffed with food for thought. Here, for instance, is a sentence that should stick:

"We cannot give better than we have, and we must search our hearts deeply to feel sure that we are equal to the high mission of putting others to death for their own good."

On the whole, I would say that this is the most important novel of the year.

•

There is something very pretty and faded and quiet about Miss Alice Brown's Tiverton Tales—a charm that is not easily defined. They remind you of a quaint old Yankee sitting-room you saw long ago—with grim, old-fashioned chairs, a horse-hair sofa, wax flowers and a faint odor of dried lavender. The people who come and go in these pages are crabbed and quaint. Their humor is hard. Almost all the stories are about second marriages and gray-haired lovers—sad little stories that you should read at twilight.

One of the stories, A March Wind, is almost a model of what such stories should be. And what a queer little idyl of love it is!

There is Amelia, the impatient old maid, living on her New England farm. A tall, gaunt, serious man, leading a little girl by the hand, comes tramping to the door.

"Want any farm work done?" asks he. "Enough to pay for a night's lodgin'?"

And they stayed to dinner and stayed many days, and at last—

"I dunno what we're all comin' to," said she brokenly. Then the tramp knew. He put his gnarled hand over one of hers. Rosie looked up curiously from the speckled beans she was counting into a bag, and then went on singing to herself an unformed baby song. "Folks'll talk," said Enoch gently. "They do now. A man an' woman ain't never too old to be hauled up, an' made to answer for livin'. If I was younger, an' had suthin' to depend on, you'd see; but I'm no good now. The better part of my life's gone." Amelia flashed at him a pathetic look, half agony over her own lost pride, and all a longing of maternal love. "I don't want you should be younger," said she. And next week they were married.

Then the gossip began and went buzzing over the countryside. "I'm the laughin'-stock of the town," said Amelia bitterly; "there ain't a man or woman in it that don't say I've married a tramp."

In her pride and anger she said many other things quite as true and quite as harsh; the tramp listened quietly; then he took his hat and went out. Shall I tell you the end of the story? How a knowledge of the great love that bound them came at last to these old, unhappy people? No; you shall read it yourself—at twilight.

The book would have lost nothing had the preliminary sketch been omitted. It is rather patronizing. It gives you the impression that the author is standing on tiptoe, negligently condescending to interest herself in these simple villagers of Tiverton. Now after you get to know them it makes you angry that any one—even Miss Brown, who made them—should treat them with a patronizing air.

•

The first part of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's book, A Daughter of the Vine, is pretty feminine fiction of the sort the Duchess used to write—better in quality, but the same in kind.

The scene is laid in California, and for the first hundred pages the story is an epic of flirtation; every one flirts; Nina, the heroine, confesses "Our wickedness takes the form of flirtation," and "Officers lie full length in hammocks, smoking or reading, occasionally flirting with some one in white"; Nina sings—that is, her soprano voice "flirts effectively with Captain Hastings' tenor"; a moment later she looks up and "her eyes are cold as icicles under a blue light; but there is a certain cordiality in their invitation to flirt"; Mrs. McLane, the society leader, greets the men who call on her with, "How are all your flirtations getting on?" while Mrs. Earl is a woman "who flirts from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot"; when Nina is happy she "flirts her eyelashes" and lets her hair down and says: "I suspect we are going to flirt this week——"; and she does.

This sort of thing is liable to pall upon all but the very youngest reader, and Mrs. Atherton's book is not meat for young readers or for unsophisticated old ones. Nina's lover proves a villain and—the story is not very clear here—leaves her. At this point a sort of sordid realism comes into the book. Nina's mother is a drunkard, and Nina, this "daughter of the vine," has been drugged with brandy from her infancy, and is now as wretched a creature as her mother.

It is thus her lover sees her after ten years. As a scientific study of drunkenness the book is valueless. Its psychology is truer, but the telling of the story is illogical, and half the wickedness is quite superfluous.

With al a powerful book—Mrs. Atherton is the most vigorous of the woman novelists—her errors in good taste are due largely, I should fancy, to her defective sense of humor.

—*Vance Thompson.*

•••

TOLD OF AUTHORS

Gilbert Parker in Egypt.—Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist, has acquired wisdom in his short life. In spite of the sudden success of his first efforts he is restricting his product instead of increasing it. He is in Egypt gathering material for a new book. He formerly wrote a novel a year. He now writes one in two years, and, as a result of this extra time, his work shows marked gain in literary skill and dramatic power.

A Naturalist Turns Farmer.—Mr. William Harvey Brown, having seen his book, On the South African Frontier, brought out, is returning with his wife and family to Rhodesia, where he will make his permanent residence on a large farm near Salisbury. Ten years ago Mr. Brown started for the West Coast of Africa to serve as the naturalist of an expedition which was sent out by the United States Government. He remained there until 1897, making studies which constitute the basis of his new book, which, by the way, occupied two years of his time in the writing. When Mr. Brown went to Africa, in 1889, he relinquished his connection with the United States National Museum at Washington, and his friends have expected that he might be persuaded to resume it; but the attractions of South Africa have proved too great to be resisted, and back there he goes.

*No. 5 John Street, by Richard Whiteing. *The Century Company.*

Tiverton Tales, by Alice Brown. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

A Daughter of the Vine, by Gertrude Atherton. *John Lane.*

The Delicious Flavor of

WHEATLET

Is a Natural Property of the Entire Wheat.

Compared with all other grain foods, Wheatlet is unquestionably the *best in the World*. It is delicate but substantial, rich in gluten and phosphates; for weak stomachs or healthy appetites. Try it. Sold in 2-lb. packages.

If your grocer does not keep **Wheatlet** have him order some for you, or send us his name and your order—we will see that you are supplied. There is only one Wheatlet. Avoid substitutes.

The Genuine is made only by the

FRANKLIN MILLS CO., - Lockport, N. Y.

Health Soap

Don't let your skin take chances; better use pure, white, clean Wool Soap. Your skin likes it.

Swift and Company, Makers
Chicago

"Macey" Desks

$19.85 buys this "Macey" desk, No. 10-11, direct from the factory, *freight prepaid*, sent on "Approval," to be returned *at our expense* if not positively the best roll-top desk ever sold at the price. *Ask for Catalogue.*

We Prepay Freight to all points east of the Mississippi and north of South Carolina. (Points beyond on an equal basis.)

THE FRED MACEY CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Makers of Office and Library Furniture

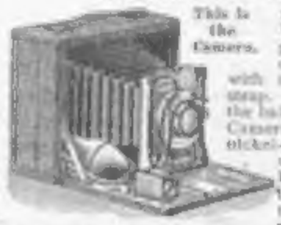
CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING

Home instruction in drawing for newspapers and magazines by successful illustrators. Requires spare time only. Adapted to young and old, beginners and advanced students. An opportunity to enter a highly profitable profession. *Full information free.*

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
114 West 34th Street, New York

Cameras at Lower Prices

A $15.00 CAMERA FOR $7.45



This is the Camera.

SEND 50c. and we will ship by express, subject to examination, our $15.00 Yale 4x5 Cycle Camera, with sole-leather case and shoulder strap. If you want it, pay express agent the balance, $6.95, and express charges. Camera is made of polished mahogany, nickel-plated trimmings, covered with extra grade of grain leather, **Double Lens**, bulb release, heavy bellows, adjustable view-finder, tripod sockets and one double plateholder free. Write to-day for free catalogue quoting lowest prices on cameras and supplies. A booklet, "Picture-Making," sent free.

YALE CAMERA CO., 65 Randolph St., Chicago

DON'T SEW ON BUTTONS!

Bachelors' Buttons made with **Improved Washburne Patent Fasteners** slip on in a jiffy. Press a little lever—they hold like grim death, but don't injure the fabric. Instantly released when desired. By mail, 10 cents each. Illustrated catalogue, showing collar buttons and other useful novelties made with these fasteners, free on request.

AMERICAN RING CO., Box 54, Waterbury, Conn.

WANTED: Two educated men in every county to represent us on "The International Year Book," a necessity to every teacher or cyclopædia user. 1000 sold before publication.

Address **DODD, MEAD & CO., New York City**

"Far more important than brilliant Abilities is

The Talent for WORK"

By WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D.

IT IS a common mistake to suppose that intellectual cleverness or mental power is the main qualification for success in any career. Far more important than brilliant abilities is a talent for work—for hard, persistent, unremitting toil. Mental cleverness is the edge of the knife which makes it penetrate; but whether it penetrate deeply or not depends more on the force applied to it and the persistence with which it is applied than upon the sharpness of the blade.

The will is the driving-wheel which sets all the mental machinery in motion. It is the man who not only resolves to succeed, but who begins and re-begins resolutely again and again after every rebuff, that reaches the goal. Take any calling or sphere of achievement—as literature, for example, a calling in which success would seem to depend chiefly upon intuition or inspiration—what men call "genius"—and what an amount of toil—of hard, unremitting, exhausting work—nay, even of drudgery, success in it exacts!

A poem like Gray's Elegy, or Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, or Pope's Epistle to Doctor Arbuthnot is not struck off at a flash. The most fastidious and exacting taste has been at work upon it for weeks and months, and perhaps for years—blotting, expanding, condensing, and polishing with ceaseless care, and it is not till after innumerable changes, blots and erasures that this quintessence of thoughts which have been refined in the crucible is at last given to the world, its different parts fused together and finished with all the care of a skilled jeweler setting his most precious gems.

The same thing is true of a great historical work like Gibbon's or Macaulay's. It involves an amount of labor and positive drudgery of which the reader who glides so easily over its pages has no conception. To produce a sterling history which shall abide the closest critical scrutiny the writer must go back to the original sources of information, to the statutes of the period he is portraying, the diplomatic correspondence, the orders and reports of military leaders, the records of debates in councils and parliaments, political pamphlets, street ballads and "broadsides," ships' log-books, contemporaneous memoirs, private diaries and letters, newspapers—even, in some cases, to old worm-eaten account-books and musty files of receipts. He must scrutinize piles of papers in foreign languages, or in the strange spelling and handwriting of centuries long past—in faded ink, too, and on browned parchments; and days and even weeks of toil must sometimes be undergone in preparing to write a single page.

•

It is customary to explain the highest results of human effort—the achievements that immortalize men—by attributing them to a subtle, mysterious power which no one has been able to define, yclept "genius." It is thought to vulgarize a great work to ascribe it to anything but direct inspiration from Heaven. Men are led into this error by contemplating the magnitude of a work—as, for example, Newton's Principia, or Milton's Paradise Lost, or a great invention—in its finished state, without considering the slow, gradual, creeping progress by which these things have been brought to their perfection. Unable to trace the weary steps by which the philosopher, poet or inventor has passed, in spite of many defeats and discouragements, from one mountain peak of thought to another, "thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted," till he has attained to his present lofty elevation, they cry out that he is "a miracle of genius!" "Yes," says Sydney Smith, "he *is* a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes as his point of departure the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of Nature, however munificent and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest and every attention that diligence could bestow."

It is true that men have different degrees of aptitude for a particular pursuit; but it is equally true that all truly great men have become such by intense and persistent toil. Their superiority is not so much a superiority of natural endowment as a force of will and a faculty of toil which urge all their natural endowments into the very highest and most efficient activity. Slowly and painfully did Milton elaborate verse after verse of his sublime epic; and Newton left on record the assurance that he did not discover the law of gravitation by the aid of Heaven-born inspiration, but by dint of a homely virtue within the reach of all men—the habit of patient thought.

Nine-tenths of the most useful labor in any calling is drudgery—work which kindles no enthusiasm and elicits no praise—but without which signal success is impossible. "No man," says the painter Innes, "can do anything in art unless he has intuitions; but between whiles he must work hard in collecting the materials out of which intuitions are made." All great artists understand this, and act upon it accordingly. What rare endowments of eye and hand had Michael Angelo! Yet neither he nor the many-sided Leonardo da Vinci thought any detail of anatomy or physics beneath his notice. They studied the human frame as if they expected to be doctors; the laws of matter as if they meant to be engineers; the nature of light as if they meant to be physicists; and the principles of optics as if they had resolved to be astronomers.

All the great statesmen, scholars, orators and writers of ancient and modern times have had a marvelous talent for work. "I know that he can toil terribly," said Queen Elizabeth of Raleigh. Look at Palmerston! "I have seen him," says his physician, Sir Henry Holland, "under a fit of gout which would have sent other men groaning to their couches, continue his work of reading or writing on public business almost without abatement, amid the chaos of papers that covered the floor as well as the tables of his room." What a Titanic and tireless worker was Gladstone, alike in boyhood, middle life and old age, when at eighty-four he sometimes read and studied ten hours a day! It was this talent and love for work which made his fellow-student at Oxford, the brilliant Arthur Hallam, the subject of Tennyson's In Memoriam, predict: "Whatever may be our lot, I am confident that Gladstone is a bud that will bloom with a richer fragrance than almost any whose youthful promise I have witnessed."

•

Macaulay was an extraordinary worker, and when toiling at his history in 1848 rose at daybreak and wrought intensely—sometimes sitting at his desk twelve hours on a stretch. "I have made myself what I am," said that giant of classical erudition, Porson, "by intense labor."

What made Bulwer, who composed at first with great difficulty, so successful at last, not only as a novelist, but as an essayist, dramatist, historian, poet, orator and political pamphleteer? It was a Herculean faculty of work, which manifested itself in spite of his lifelong invalidism, in not less than a hundred volumes, though he lived but sixty-eight years. Who needs to be told of Pascal, who killed himself by hard study; of Cicero, who narrowly escaped death by the same cause; of Walter Scott, rising to work daily at five o'clock in the morning, and "breaking the backbone of the day," as he used to say, before his family had assembled for breakfast; or of Arnold of Rugby, always up to his ears in work, learning some new language, studying some fresh historical subject, or cheering on by his pen some progressive movement of the age? Even Kean, the tragedian, whose impersonations were deemed so spontaneous and unstudied, "studied and slaved," says one who knew him, "beyond any other actor I ever knew." All these men were superior to other men because they took more pains than other men—because, as Turner said to the lady who asked the secret of his success as a painter, they "had no secret but hard work."

Let us be thankful, then, if we have a talent for work. Whatever our allotted task, let us buckle to it with energy and content.

Brimful of Vim

Hires Rootbeer is the most refreshing and cooling beverage that you can drink, and a splendid tonic besides. It tastes better, allays thirst quicker, and does you more good than any other drink. It's as safe to drink as pure water, and almost as cheap. It costs little and is easy to make. Keep a supply of

Hires Rootbeer

made up, and a few bottles on ice. Drink it freely—it will increase your comfort and better your health. Package makes five gallons. HIRES Rootbeer Carbonated—ready to drink—is sold everywhere by the bottle and case. Book of pictures and rhymes, free.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak

Kodak

Simplicity and Kodak Quality created the standard by which all cameras are measured.

That's why the clerk says "It's as good as a Kodak" when trying to sell an inferior camera.

Kodaks $5.00 to $35.00

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Kodak Catalogues free, of dealers or by mail.

Rochester, N. Y.

Rambler BICYCLES

run easily because they are correctly and carefully made.

Ramblers are so popular because it is "good form" to ride them, and the price is fair.

Price $40

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York, Brooklyn, Detroit, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, London, Eng.

INSIST ON THESE — TAKE NO OTHER

Without a Teacher

any one—even a child—can play the Columbia Zither from the figure-chart music furnished with each instrument.

The No. 3 $6

Columbia Zither

is a simplified German Zither of American manufacture. In addition to the voice notes there are groups of chords which blend harmoniously, the whole producing music that charms and delights all who hear it.

If your music-dealer hasn't the Columbia Zither send to us. No. 3, as illustrated above, $6.00; other Nos. $4.00 to $8.00, any of which we will send C. O. D., or express prepaid on receipt of price. 700 extra tunes at 5 cents each.

CATALOGUE FREE

The Phonoharp Co., 150 Liverpool St., E. Boston, Mass.

AIR BRUSH

FOR ART WORK.

We are making and selling the best Art Tool in use. Applies color by jet of air, enabling the artist to do better work and save time. No studio complete without it. Circulars free. Address

AIR BRUSH MFG. CO.
147 Kewan St., Rockford, Ill., U.S.A.

AD SENSE

"A marvel of the printer's art," says an enthusiastic admirer. Ad Sense is handsomely printed; published monthly at 50c. a year; 5c. a copy at newsstands. 6c. in stamps gets you a sample copy. AD SENSE, 81 Fifth Ave., Chicago

THE SINGER CABINET TABLE.

Copyright, 1899

MADE AND SOLD ONLY BY

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

SALESROOMS IN EVERY CITY IN THE WORLD.